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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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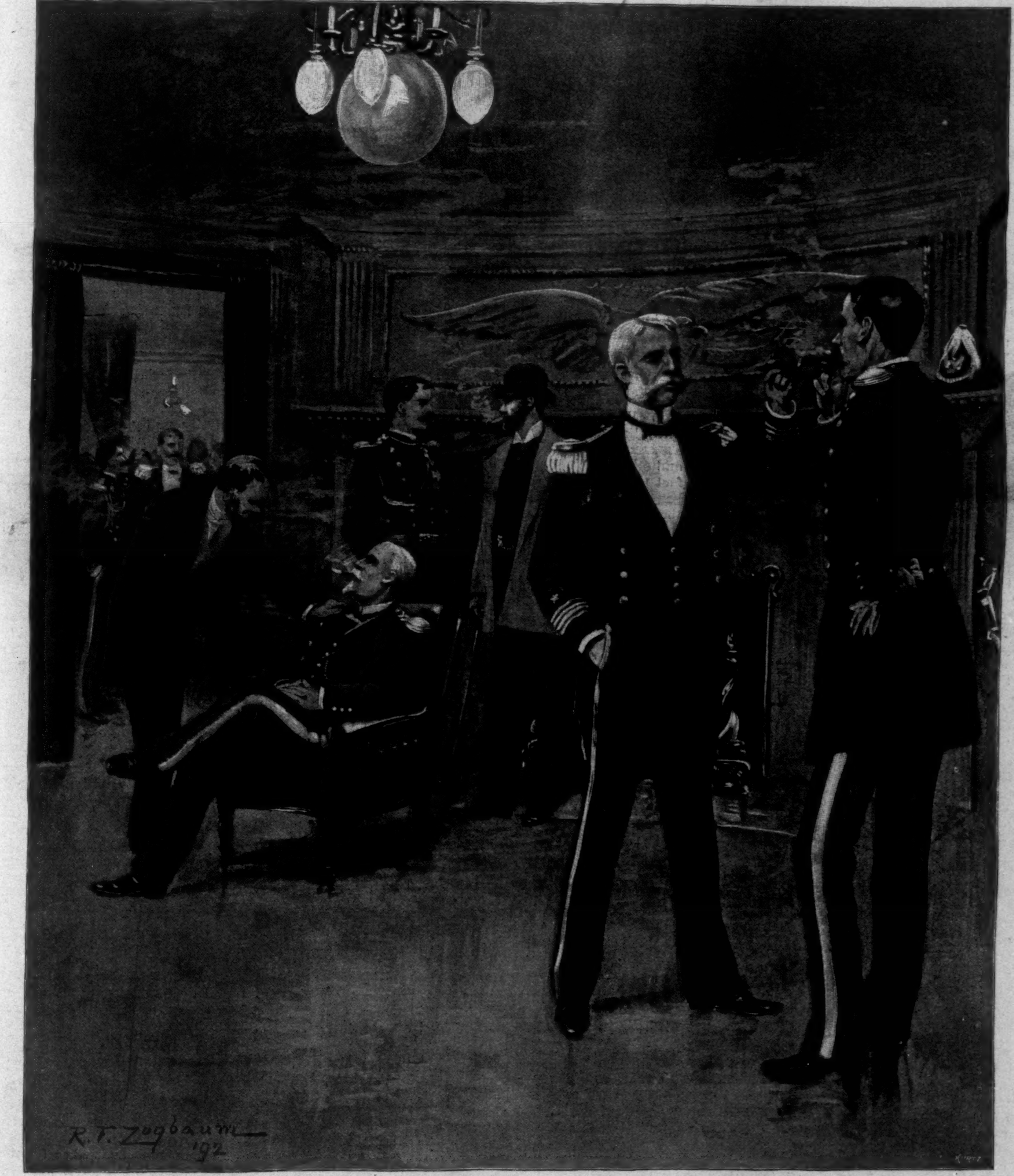

THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB, WASHINGTON.

After an Official Reception.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 767.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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OBSTRUCTION IN CONGRESS.

MUCH attention has been attracted by the threat uttered some time ago by Senator Jones of Nevada, that the advocates of free-silver coinage would "tie up the Senate," that is, obstruct action on the part of the Senate by interminable talk to prevent the repeal of the silver-purchase act. Senator Jones thinks that he and the other free-coinage Senators will be able to hold the floor and talk until the "gold men" surrender to them in despair. There is no doubt that under the present rules of the Senate, which provide for no limit to debate, this can be done, provided the physical as well as the moral fibre of the free-coinage Senators prove sufficiently tough. Many advocates of the repeal of the Sherman law jump at the conclusion that if the rules of the Senate make such a thing possible, and thus enable the minority to defeat the will of the majority, those rules should be changed without delay. This demand is not a new one; it has been heard on almost every occasion when the minority threatened to obstruct the Senate and the majority grew impatient; but the old rule of the Senate has survived, and we should regard it as peculiarly unfortunate if the fight for the repeal of the Sherman law were begun with an attack upon that rule. It would be the greatest possible mistake in parliamentary tactics.

In the first place, if the free-coinage Senators are determined to obstruct action, they can, by "talking against time," prevent a vote upon a motion to change the rules of the Senate just as well as a vote on the repeal of the Sherman law. In the second place, whenever there is a question at issue with regard to which public opinion is strongly pronounced and exercises a vigorous pressure upon the legislative body, while many members of that body, in order to obey the behest of public opinion, have to give up a position formerly held by them, it is always bad policy for the friends of the measure to be carried to permit the fight to be diverted from the main issue to some collateral question. The average member of Congress is not a hero in point of moral courage. He wishes to follow the majority of his party. He wishes not to displease any strong minority. He wishes to appear consistent in his course. Whenever he sees that he cannot accomplish these three things at the same time, his natural inclination is to "dodge." There are men in the Senate who formerly spoke and voted for free coinage, but who now see the necessity of following public opinion against it, and thus to change their position. This they dislike to do, and it is by no means improbable that some of them would welcome the shifting of the fight upon a different issue upon which it could be indefinitely spun out. It is also evident that if a change of the rules of the Senate were moved for the distinct purpose of facilitating the repeal of the Sherman act, a defeat of that motion, although owing to reasons entirely independent of the silver question, might prejudice the chances of the repeal of the Sherman act very seriously. And that such a motion would fail is probable, for there is very much to be said against it on its own merits.

When Speaker Reed, in the exulting consciousness of his power, said that the House of Representatives was no longer a deliberative body, he was, in point of fact, more than half right. The House of Representatives has certainly ceased to be the arena of free and thorough debate that it once was. Its discussions consist now, in greatest part, in mere snatches of argument, in parliamentary fencing, and in vociferations for partisan effect. It is a matter of rare occurrence that a debate in the House of Representatives exhausts a subject of public interest, throws new light upon a public question, or furnishes valuable instruction to the popular mind. This is mainly owing to the rules of the House, which in various ways make it difficult to get the floor, and which seriously hamper and limit discussion. That some, if not most, of those rules are required to enable the House to do the necessary business, we do not mean to deny. But it is in the highest degree desirable that there should be at least one deliberative body in our government in which debate is free and may be thorough. People are very apt, when following the proceedings of Congress, impatiently to complain that there is too much talk and too little action. But talk is a very essential part of representative institutions. Discussion is the very life of popular government. There may be sometimes, apparently, too great an abundance of it, and it may not always be fruitful of wisdom; but upon a candid examination of our political history we shall find that Congress has done far less mischief by talk than by action. The instances in which the spinning out of talk has prevented or injuriously delayed desirable action are very few—certainly not as many as the instances in which more thorough debate might and would have prevented action that was injurious. At any rate, it is of the first importance that in one at least of the deliberative bodies of the government debate should remain unrestrained, and it would be in the highest degree unwise to enact, for the purpose of serving a temporary object, rules calculated to work a permanent injury to the republic.

Nor is the Senate altogether without means to discipline a refractory minority. When the minority tries to prevent a vote by "talking against time," the majority may resort to the expedient of "sitting it out," that is, of remaining in continuous session without any adjournment for rest until the minority is at the end of its physical endurance, and gives up the fight. This manœuvre has very seldom failed of success, and it will certainly not fail in this case when the refractory minority will appear as little better than a lot of conspirators against the public interest. The appeal recently addressed by the Silver Convention at Denver to the people of the United States had but little to say of any benefits to be conferred by free coinage upon the community at large, but it was all the more eloquent on the injury which the repeal of the Sherman law would inflict upon the silver-mining States. In view of the universal distress which the Sherman law has brought upon the country, that protest against its repeal is virtually a demand upon the American people to sacrifice the general welfare that the silver-miners may prosper. Human selfishness has never exhibited itself with more defiant impudence. In this light the attitude of the silver men stands out more glaringly every day as the disastrous consequences of the policy advocated by them are more generally felt.

The policy of the friends of sound financial legislation in the Senate is obvious. As soon as a bill for the repeal of the silver-purchase clause of the Sherman law is before that body, let them, without loss of time, march straight to the main issue, and make known their determination, after a fair time for debate has been allowed, not to adjourn the Senate for an hour until the matter is disposed of. If then Messrs. Jones, Teller, Stewart, Wolcott, Morgan, Pugh, Vance, and others wish to prevent a vote in the face of the fact that there is scarcely a State in the Union that has not suffered far greater loss from the effects of the Sherman act than Colorado and the other silver-mining States will suffer from its repeal, and that the repeal is demanded by millions in distress and anguish, let them try their obstructive tactics. There will be such a storm of popular indignation assailing them from all sides that they will soon get tired of exhibiting themselves to the wrath of the people as the factious enemies of the public welfare. Mr. Jones will wish he had never made the threat of "tying up" the Senate.

WHAT TO DO.

The approaching session of Congress has stimulated a large crop of suggestions and schemes on the reform of the currency. We have had plans for putting more silver into the silver dollar, for replacing the silver currency with new United States notes based on a larger reserve of gold, for enlarging the basis on which national bank notes can be issued, and for permitting the issue of State bank notes under safe restrictions. Of course we have the plan of our silver friends, to coin silver freely even though the heavens fall, and to astonish the world with the prosperity that must follow. There are other cranky suggestions also, such as a period of unrest and uncertainty inevitably brings forth. Some of the plans are good, some bad. The free-silver plan is hopelessly discredited. The issue of more United States notes, even if only in substitution for other currency retired, is dangerous. Some of the plans for a remodelling of the bank-note issues are ingenious and promising, and the time may come when they will bear healthy fruit.

But for the immediate future, and for the coming session of Congress, the thing to do is simple. Repeal the Sherman act; stop the issue of currency based on silver purchases and containing the threat of reducing our currency to the fifty-five cent basis; and for the rest, take time for consideration.

Whatever may have been the original merit or demerit of the Sherman act, the time has come to be done with it, and with the whole policy of which it was a part. We will admit, for argument's sake, that when passed it was necessary in order to stave off a free-silver bill, and that a compromise with the silver party was then the best policy. But the time for compromise is past, and the country must make up its mind to cease playing with fire. The Bland act was a dangerous compromise with the silver men; the Sherman act was another; we can afford no further experiments in the issuing of bad money which displaces good. We might continue on the verge of a breakdown for still a space, and not come to grief. But we can no longer afford this perilous experimenting.

The present financial crisis adds a further and urgent reason for immediate repeal. We will again admit, for argument's sake, that it is a mistake to lay all our present troubles at the door of the Sherman act. Other things have contributed to bring about the crisis, and we will not quarrel with those who lay more stress on this cause or on that. But no one will deny that the Sherman act was one potent source of trouble. We all know that in times of financial tribulation the one thing needful is confidence—a reasoned and firm assurance that the future will bring better things, and a willingness not to press rights and debts, in the certainty that they will have their due when the proper season comes. This spirit of confidence has been shattered more by the Sherman act than by any other cause. The peril of the government's finances, the distrust of foreign investors, the wonder what unexpected breakdown the next day may bring—these have been the fruits of that unhappy measure. Remove the incubus, and the calm and orderly course of business affairs will be resumed. The one thing now to do is to promote calm, order, hope. Whatever other causes may have disturbed them, here is one cause which legislation can set right. Let Congress repeal the act, and restore to the community that confidence without which the modern machinery of trade cannot work.

This is the one thing now needful to do, and the only thing. Congress will have to legislate sooner or later on the currency, and on the mode in which it shall grow. Eventually the country must make up its mind how to provide for the expansion of its circulating medium—whether by gold or by bank-notes or by government notes. But we need not care for this now. For the present we have currency enough; what we need is confidence, not money. The Sherman act has been pouring out money at the rate of fifty millions a year, and the bank-note circulation has been growing for the first time in years. If plenty of currency were a cure-all for financial distress, we should now be in the happiest stage of exhilaration. In fact, we are in a bad way, and we have more money than the community really needs. Any person versed in financial history would risk his reputation for sense and knowledge on the prediction that within a year—within six months—money will be a drug. The panicky feeling now causes a drain on bank reserves; money is being withdrawn, hoarded, collected, by those who fear runs and collapses. When the normal course of things is resumed, the money will flow back to the usual depositories, bank vaults will be filled to overflowing, and the country will find it has more money than it knows what to do with. This is the sequence of the financial panic, regular as the sequence of day after night. The redundancy will probably be greater than ever this time, because of the rate at which the currency supply has grown since 1890. Certain it is that we have currency enough, and can trust that matter to take care of itself for a while.

If Congress, after repealing unconditionally the Sherman act, chooses to consider further the definitive regulation of the currency on sound principles, so much the better. We believe the sound principles to be those which underlie the national banking system. Thoroughly secured bank-notes, issued under Federal supervision on a uniform basis, and redeemable beyond question on a gold basis, are the best currency. If Congress will declare its intention to follow these principles by giving more elbow-room to the national bank notes, by permitting their issue up to the par value of the bonds deposited to secure them, so much good will be done. If Congress will follow the suggestion of appointing a competent commission to examine and report on the whole currency question, good again. Delay and sober second thought always tell for the right. But first repeal the Sherman act. Stop the wrong policy, and take time to consider what is the right one to substitute for it.

SPEAKER CRISP AND THE HOUSE.

The organization of the new House of Representatives is now in progress, and much depends upon the manner in which Speaker Crisp performs his difficult and delicate task.

He has been chosen Speaker for the second time. When he was first elected it was after a long and somewhat bitter contest between his personal friends, what was left of the old Randall contingent, and Tammany New York aided by Senator Hill, on the one side, and the men who had been conspicuous in the tariff-reform movement on the other. There is no doubt that the men who opposed Mr. Crisp were more numerous than those who favored him, but there were divisions among them, and Mr. Crisp benefited by the falling out of the majority.

His conduct of the office did not strengthen him, and at one time in the winter and spring it seemed probable that Congressman William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, would be the Speaker of the Fifty-third Congress. That he is not the occupant of the chair to-day is due to the unwillingness of some of the leading Democrats of the country to risk the grave issues now before Congress by any act that would lead to party dissension. It was a tradition, it was argued, that the Speaker should have a second term, and therefore Mr. Crisp's friends would have the support of tradition in resenting a refusal to re-elect him.

At the same time it was recognized that Mr. Crisp should not be Speaker unless he were in perfect accord with the purposes of the administration. There is no reason to assume that Mr. Crisp made any bargain with the President and his advisers, but he knew that he could not be Speaker again if it were not understood that he would frame the leading committees of the House of Representatives in such a manner that the objects of the administration would be furthered and its purposes carried out.

Mr. Crisp goes into the Speakership with pledges, express or implied, it matters not which, to the country, to the House itself, and to the administration, to do his utmost to secure the unconditional repeal of the Sherman act and the reform of the tariff by lowering the rates of duty. In order to accomplish this task he must not be governed by the ineffective organization that he made in the Fifty-second Congress, and which was largely forced upon him by the fact that the strong men of the House were opposed to him. He has probably learned by bitter experience during his first term the unwisdom of not utilizing all the strength of his party for the proper performance of the work with which the country has charged it.

The most important committee for the extra session will be the Coinage Committee, of which Mr. Bland was chairman. In view of the attitude of the administration, of the crying need of the country, of the purpose for which Congress is called together, Mr. Bland ought not to be chairman of this committee. At the best, he would be a mere figure-head, and his own self-respect should lead him to decline the doubtful honor. Mr. Crisp cannot escape the obligation under which he is, to appoint a committee that will favor unconditional repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act. Such a committee with a bound and gagged chairman would be an unnecessary legislative absurdity, and Mr. Bland himself would be a helpless object of ridicule.

Mr. Crisp has grave responsibilities and is under serious obligations. He must turn his back on many of the weak men who first made him Speaker; he must not only recompose the Coinage Committee, but he will probably transfer the leadership of the floor to a stronger man than Mr. Catchings, and will make the Ways and Means and the Appropriations committees efficient where, in the last Congress, they were weak.

No Speaker ever had greater need of courage and determination. He must disappoint old friends and call old antagonists to his councils. He must show to the country that he can rise above faction when patriotism calls, and that he can be wiser, broader, and more generous than he has ever been before.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

The post-office in New York is the most important in the country, and does the largest business. It is not of merely local importance that this office should be well administered and the service be efficient. Every business community in the country is to a greater or less extent interested in the good management of the post-office of the metropolis. Twelve and fifteen years ago the service in New York was admirable; but for six or eight years it has been getting steadily poorer. At the present moment it is sadly inefficient. This inefficiency, it must be explained, is not due to the fact that the Postmaster is incompetent or lacking in zeal. The difficulty is with the Congress and the department in Washington. New York has grown steadily and rapidly, but the appropriations and allowances for the New York Post-office have not kept pace with that growth. The town has now so outgrown the service that the postal clerks and letter-carriers are compelled to work overtime every day in the year, and these clerks are housed in places unfit for human beings to work in. Not only is this the case in the General Post-office, but the branch offices are almost, if not quite, as bad. Recently a government building in Washington tumbled in, and a score or more of clerks were killed; these buildings in New York may not tumble down, but they are killing clerks just as effectually—killing them by inches. Economy in appropriations is admirable, but "Holmanism," which results in accidents like that in Washington and conditions like those in New York, is absolutely criminal. Mr. Barnet Phillips's article on another page, together with the illustrations, gives a graphic idea of the conditions under which the men in the New York Post-office are required to work.

Mr. Thomas L. James, Postmaster in New York from 1873 to 1881, and Postmaster-General in the cabinet of President Garfield, and acting Postmaster of New York for a little while in the beginning of President Harrison's administration, knows as well as any man in the world how to deal with the postal problem in New York. When he was recently asked what the difficulty was, he answered, "Lack of sufficient appropriations." When he was asked for the remedy, he said: "I told them four years ago, when I was acting Postmaster after Mr. Pearson's death, that after a careful examination I was satisfied that the New York Post-office could not be administered properly without an additional yearly appropriation of $500,000. Such an appropriation would help solve the problem, but after that Mr. Albert H. Scott, the present chief of the Bureau of Salaries and Allowances in the office of the First Assistant Postmaster-General, should be replaced by a broad and liberal man. If these things were done, New York could safely leave the rest to Mr. Dayton."

There is the whole thing in a nutshell. The New York Post-office must have more money, and the officer in Washington who doles it out must be made to understand that "cheese-paring" is not only poor economy, but in the end a sinful waste. The New York Congressmen who have recently visited the General Post-office may be trusted to tell Congress what is needed, and see that the needful is appropriated.

ASSAULTS ON CREDIT.

The trouble in the money market, in its fullest extent, is not due to the purchase clause of the Sherman act alone. That is the prime cause, indeed, of the existing financial distress, of the loss of confidence which has brought American securities back from Europe, drained the Treasury of gold, locked up money that but for it would be circulating in the channels of trade, and caused the ruin of hundreds of honest traders. But although the prime, it is not the only cause. Like other breeders of mischief, it has brought forth a progeny of evil things, and these, in turn, have increased the mischief worked by their baleful parent. It has not only destroyed confidence, which is the soul of human transactions, but it has awakened and stimulated bad passions, and has tempted men into the habit of misrepresenting facts, in order that they might coin the misfortunes of their fellows and the distresses of their times into dollars.

The evil that has flown from the original source has been increased by its own consequences. The downward rush of the market has been helped by slanders and by assaults upon credit. It is said that this last crime was never so common as it has been during the serious times that have recently obtained on Wall Street. The governors of the Stock Exchange have been forced to notice its prevalence, and it will go hard with any member of that institution who is actually caught uttering slanders against the credit of men or corporations. The authorities of the market ought to treat with equal severity those who exaggerate and give a fictitious value to securities for the purpose of making money by a rise. It must of course be borne in mind that the evil of the "bear" element is greater and more far-reaching than that caused by the "bulls," inasmuch as it is easier to frighten and destroy credit than to build it up.

This practice of deliberate misrepresentation for gain by "bulls" and "bears" alike has been growing recently. The absence from the street of outside speculators has so greatly injured the business of brokerage that those who fail to secure the customers they are supposed to be seeking turn to gambling with each other in a market that is keenly susceptible to rumors, true or false. And it is the testimony of experienced bankers that the high standard of honor has fallen off in Wall Street within the past few years. It is the constant habit of some dealers in securities to be on the "bear" or "bull" side, and to fatten their bank accounts on doubts of the prosperity of the corporations whose securities are listed by the Exchange, or on untruthful statements concerning "values" that amount to downright swindling. In the present trouble the habit of the "bears" has simply been carried to excess. They have not hesitated to assail the credit of banks and individuals by name, and to give specifications of the charges of their unsoundness. The other day, at the opening of the exchange, a sale of stock was deliberately made at a lower price than the stock would have brought. It was clearly the intention to break the market for that stock at the very beginning of the day. The action of the savings-banks, in requiring from their depositors notice of their intention to withdraw their money, was wise and conservative, and should have been reassuring. It was used by the "bears" to further breed lack of confidence.

It is unnecessary to remind the readers of the Weekly of the delicacy of credit. Without it business cannot be carried on, and, standing alone, no man in active affairs could go on against general assaults upon his trustworthiness, for they would deprive him of the confidence of the banks and of his fellow-traders, without which he could not long remain solvent. It is no exaggeration to say that the safety of the business community rests upon the solvency of the banks. Fortunately for the city and the country, the banks of New York are so banded together in this emergency that it is almost impossible for any one of them to go under. But if it were not for this association, so malicious and so strong have been the assaults upon their credit, that some of the strongest among them would, before this, have been crippled if not ruined. On the other hand, the wrong that is done by running up stocks beyond their true value under false representations is incalculable. There are men on the street who have deliberately ruined trusting customers by selling them stocks they knew at the time to be worthless.

It may be taken for granted that those who insist on telling you that this or that honored name is a mask for roguery, that the Comptroller of the Currency would close certain institutions if he knew what the president and cashier were doing with the funds, that the dividends of an apparently prosperous corporation are not earned, are bent on increasing the distrust already too prevalent. In such a crisis as this through which the country is now passing patriotic business men would suppress the evil they knew, and tell the good. Those who hasten the downfall of prices in this way are presumably making money out of the distress of their country, and most of those who will assail credit will do so untruthfully, for it is difficult to imagine a deeper depth of commercial dishonor than that to which those descend who base their prosperity on the ruin of business, the destruction of reputation, and the distress that follows loss of employment. Men who will do this, or who will secure the sale of stock by misstating or misrepresenting facts, should be expelled from the exchange which gives them their opportunity to trade on their malice, their inventions, and their base selfishness.

AN UNBIASSED EXAMINATION.

Everybody now being out of town, we million and a half stragglers who absurdly remain in town may perhaps embrace the opportunity to glance at this notion of going to the country for the summer in a calm, unprejudiced spirit. It will be several weeks before the folks return, and if, in our unpartisan and dispassionate examination of the question, we come to the conclusion that going to the country at this season is a very foolish thing to do—as it seems certain that any fair-minded person who looks at it must—it will never be known, and we shall retain the good-will of the country-goers, and they will never suspect that we know what poor, weak, deluded mortals they are.

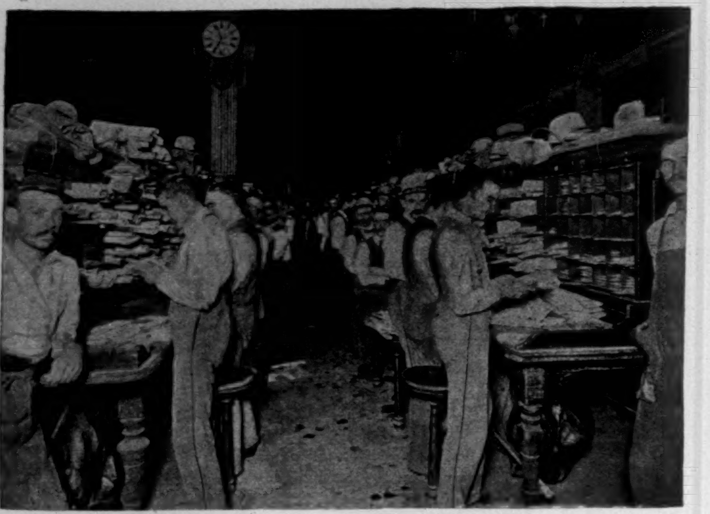
In the first place, we wish boldly to put forward the idea that rushing off to the country in the summer is all wrong. This seems to be the only conclusion which can be reached when all prejudice is laid aside and the subject is examined strictly on its merits. We do not rashly say that there is any reason for ever going to the country, but a much stronger case can be made for going in the winter than in the summer. This is so self-evident that it seems ridiculous to point out the reasons for it; but for the benefit of those incredulous and stubborn people who are still in town, but who are planning on going to the country later on, we are willing to present a few of the said reasons.

Let us first look at the drawbacks of the country. And who knows them better than this little handful of a million and a half who are staying in the city? For we have all been in the country, of course, thousand of times, and would be there now had we not seen the utter folly of it. There is, then, the mosquito. What bringeth greater woe in the country? Now the very heyday, the glad spring-time, the lusty youth, the hour of victory, of the mosquito is in the summer. How he scenteth the city visitor afar off, and meeteth him at the station, and goeth with him to his hotel, and there, in the long watches of the shuddering night, laugheth, ha, ha! as he revels in his blood! But in the winter the mosquito is unknown, except in some parts of New Jersey, and even there the winter mosquito lacketh spirit, numbers, appetite. With respect to the mosquito, the winter is a vastly better time in which to visit the country than is the summer.

Then there is that other great twin scourge of the summer visitor, the summer-hotel landlord. A winter summer-hotel landlord refuses to seem possible, though travellers tell us that in Florida he exists in all his fierceness; but no doubt Florida in the winter is as bad in all ways as is our own country in the summer. Those that go to the country at this season rush headlong into the open tentacles of the summer landlord. They find him lying in wait in his den with his revised Homeric motto, "Welcome the coming, bleed the parting, guest." The low hum of the mosquito is bad enough, but the low scratch of the landlord's pen adding to their accounts would be worse if they had ears sharp enough to detect it. But in the winter, as we have intimated, the summer landlord is not visible. His panting pen is idle, and he is far away, making contracts with paper manufacturers for more blank bills. As regards the landlord, winter is also the season in which to visit the country.

Of minor country evils which flourish in the summer and vex not the winter there are many—too many for rehearsal here. But we may mention malaria as one, and the Disagreeable Persons Who Sit on the Porches as another. An idea sometimes advanced is that it is worth while to endure all of these things for the sake of the summer girl, to be found in the country only. The latter part of this proposition is a mistake. We speak from a full (and joyous) knowledge of the exact facts when we say that some of the handsomest, wittiest, and most sensible girls in existence are now in the city; and we who have seen the New Light intend making sure that they go to the country when we do next winter. Nor must we, in our clear and impartial examination of the question, forget to glance at the absurdity of going to the country in the summer for cool weather, as if hot weather in New York were a local evil, like Tammany politicians, or the man who remembers when there weren't any houses above Union Square. The fact is, as we people in the city well know, that the summer weather in the country is hotter than it is in the city. It stands to reason. Firstly, there is less shade in the country. Secondly, the wind becomes dissipated and loses force in the vast open space of the country, whereas in the city the rows of houses reduce its area of effort by some two-thirds, concentrate it, and cause it to blow fresh and strong in the long cracks between them commonly called streets, making the days delightfully cool, and many of the nights almost too chilly for comfort.

But in closing we feel that we must, in the interests of humanity, sound one note of sadness. There is one thing for which we happy summer dwellers in the fortunate city should feel the sense of shame. We are living here amid this prodigality of soothing shade and invigorating breeze, and are doing absolutely nothing for the poor country children broiled by the sun, parched by the winds, tortured by the mosquitoes, and too often, indirectly at least, borne down by the summer landlord. This must be our reproach no longer. We propose the founding of the City Air Fund for poor country children.



CLERKS ASSORTING LETTERS.—From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.
One hundred men where there is room for only thirty.

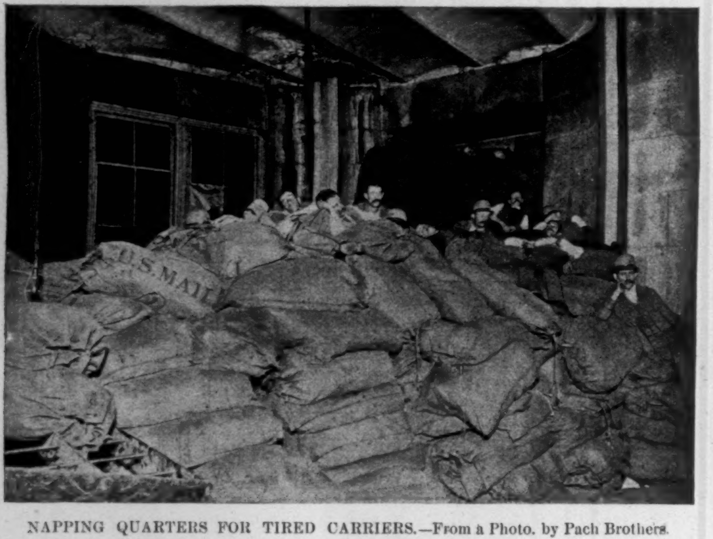
THE UNHEALTHY AND CRAMPED NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

MY business is to describe what I see in the New York Post-office. What I smell is more difficult to tell. Photographs will give conditions existing there far better than any writing. The stuffiness, foulness of the air breathed in the basement of the New York Post-office escapes demonstration. As to the heat, when the thermometer on a hot summer's day shows 83° Fahr. outside, the temperature inside of this Post-office basement stands two degrees higher. The simple fact that three of these pictures were taken by flash-light explains the obscurity in the vaults of the New York Post-office, where a great deal of the heavy work is done.

It seems preposterous to state that in some parts of the main room of the New York Post-office an umbrella is necessary. I am talking to an inspector. I notice first a spatter, then a little puddle of water on the official desk. "There must be a shower outside," remarked the inspector, complacently, as he moved away his papers.

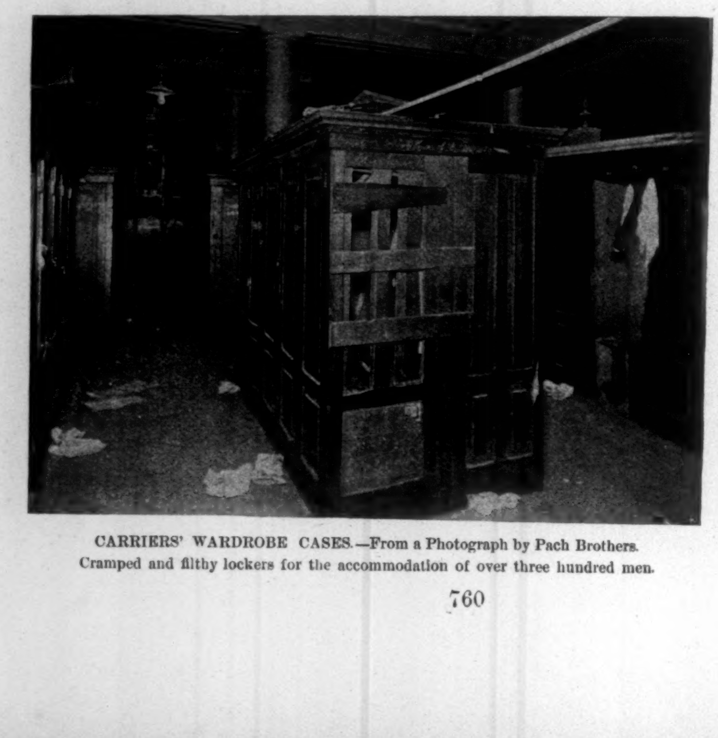
Obscurity is one of the worst conditions of the large main office—the one on a level with the street. The architect had original ideas, and he covered the big room with a glass roof. Theoretically the light ought to have filtered through into the basement, and so a glass floor was laid on the main office. But no glass would stand the wear and tear on that floor, and it was covered with wood, hence Cimmerian darkness below. The glass roof leaked so badly that the big room was not habitable. Then a new glass roof was clapped over the old one, leaving some space between the two. The water from a moderate shower now passes through both roofs.



NAPPING QUARTERS FOR TIRED CARRIERS.—From a Photo. by Pach Brothers.
On top of old and dirty mail-bags in the basement.

There was, however, a new inconvenience. It happens that whenever there is a slight breeze in the vicinity of the City Hall Park there arises a whirlwind of dust, and so between the two glass roofs the dirt is deposited, and to all intents and purposes no light can come through the two glass roofs any more than were there a slate covering. On all the sides of the main office light is excluded, letter-boxes, small offices with partitions, cutting it off. At mid-day, when the sun shines brightest, and when hundreds of lights are burning, there is a notable rise of temperature.

This print represents what might be called a congested aisle. Here in a confined space are over a hundred men. They are postmen arranging and sorting letters prior to their delivery. The men are as close together as sardines in a tin box. It takes long practice for a man to work rapidly without any play of his elbows. The print was taken at 7 A.M., and this scene repeats itself over and over again all day in other portions of the main office. To make no mistakes and to be expeditious are the prime requirements of letter-carriers. How can men be either careful or quick when one hundred men are jammed into a place where there is but room for thirty?



CARRIERS' WARDROBE CASES.—From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.
Cramped and filthy lockers for the accommodation of over three hundred men.

Mr. Julian Ralph describes tired roustabouts taking a nap on cotton bales. The New York postman has been running through the streets, climbing stairs, delivering his mail, of a hot summer's morning. He comes back to the office for another delivery. Some of the men are not in the prime of life. They are worn out. No one begrudges them a quarter of an hour's rest. The only place where the men can stretch their limbs is in the basement, on top of the old and dirty mail-pouches. The air here, despite a feeble attempt at ventilation, is noxious. The heat is oppressive. The roustabout is better off than the New York letter-carrier, for the former can at least breathe pure air.

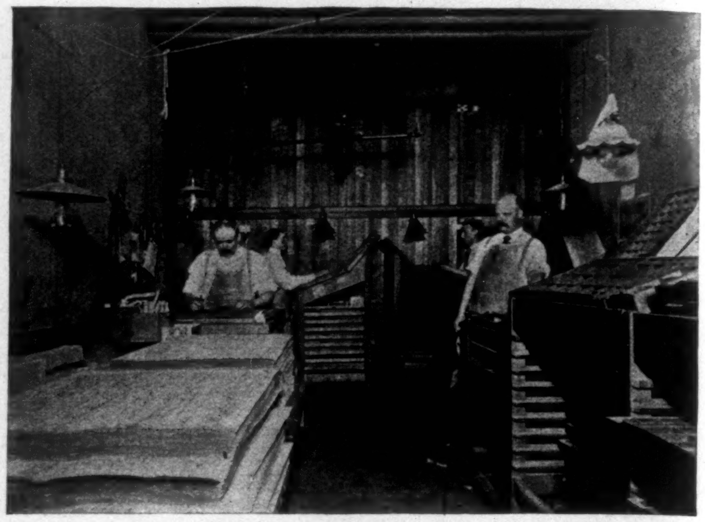
The picture of the carriers' lockers had to be taken by flash-light. The only qualifying word possible is that conditions here are beastly. In summer men are drenched by a sudden downpour, or in winter are wet to the skin by a snow-storm. In these filthy lockers a change of clothes has to be kept. The space between the lockers is so restricted that two men can barely move there. These lockers are frequented by over three hundred men. The picture shows how dilapidated are these closets. Every sense of decency is outraged here, and sanitation is at its worst. Three times as many lockers, and new ones at that, with more space between them, might remedy the trouble. Any soldier or sailor in the United States service would rightly complain about these lockers.

This is a flash-light picture of the underground printing-office in the New York Post-office. If the premises were not used by honest men in government employ, you might say it was just the locality to be chosen by a gang of counterfeiters. This queer subterranean chapel, fronting on Printing-house Square, is as intricate in form as the wards of an antique key. Never having the light of day in it, here some millions of what are known as "service slips" are printed. It works off the *Official Courier* and the biweekly notices of the departures of vessels carrying the foreign mails. The wonder is how, with such antiquated machines and wretched plant, any good work is done at all. The place is pitch-dark in certain parts. Water, plenty of it, is a necessity in a printing-office. How can a pressman do clean work with inky fingers? There is an insufficient supply of water and no sign of a sink. The overflow of the water is kept in a bucket, and a puddle of slop is always present. It is simply a disgrace that intelligent workmen should be forced to earn a living in such unwholesome quarters.

Mail Street need not be photographed. New York is familiar with a narrow roadway, fronting City Hall, where all day and far into the night wagons are bringing to and taking from the Post-office the mails. The street is built over a vault, and this vault is the front basement space of the Post-office. The droppings of a thousand horses, whenever there is rain, percolate through the road-bed and filter into the vault. When you enter this basement you see the roof and the sides of the wall moist with that nastiness which has oozed in from above. This pestiferous vault, it must be said to the credit of the authorities, is not used save for storage. It might be worth a man's life to work there for any length of time, but it is in direct communication with the basement. The noxious air from this plague centre is carried in, and must pervade the entire structure, and the court-rooms above cannot be free from it.

An entire number of HARPER'S WEEKLY would not suffice if it were devoted to illustrating the innumerable business inconveniences and unwholesome conditions found in the New York Post-office. There are other departments where the same troubles exist. The New York Post-office is, all over, in a state of chronic congestion. Every square inch of room is utilized, and there is a demand for many more feet of space to-day, and to-morrow it will be for many more yards. Do what you may, you cannot put a gallon in a pint measure. In other words, the business not of the city alone, but of the world, has outgrown the present New York Post-office.

It would be unjust to bring charges against former administrations, departments, postmasters, general or special. Irrespective of politics, no one has been postmaster of New York city during the last ten years who has not felt satisfied that with the constant increase of business the working-room provided was far behind actual requirements. Conscientious men have fretted themselves to death over the material obstacles thwarting them in their endeavors to carry out the important service confided to their care. The remedy lies in the Congress of the United States. There should be larger appropriations, and the money allotted must be used not alone for alleviating conditions in New York, but for many other post-offices attached to large cities in other portions of the country.



AN UNDERGROUND PRINTING-OFFICE.—From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.
A queer place where daylight never enters.

COLLECTOR JAMES T. KILBRETH.

JAMES T. KILBRETH was appointed Collector of the Port of New York on the 28th of July. Like that of Mr. Dayton, as Postmaster, this appointment was a surprise to most of the politicians and to all the rest of the community. During the weeks and months when speculation was rife concerning this office and the President's probable decision, Mr. Kilbreth's name was not mentioned in a single newspaper, so that it has been asserted that Mr. Cleveland took no one into his counsels, and that Secretary Carlisle, whose subordinate the Collector is, had never heard of Mr. Kilbreth.

As a matter of fact, however, the name had been canvassed a number of times by the President during the four months preceding the appointment, and several members of the cabinet, including Mr. Carlisle, knew that Mr. Kilbreth was under consideration. The Custom-house is not only the most important office in this city, but it is one whose patronage is so vast as to offer temptations which the ordinary politician can hardly resist. It has been Mr. Cleveland's determination that the Custom-house should not go into the hands of the Democratic State machine or of Tammany Hall. He has been greatly embarrassed by the candidates presented to him. First there was Senator Charles P. McClelland, of the Westchester district, who had recommended himself to the independent people of the State by opposing the selection of Edward Murphy, Jun., for United States Senator. Mr. Cleveland's friends, however, could not forget that Mr. McClelland had been engaged in the "snap" convention, and that his relations with Tammany had been close. Then came W. A. Poucher, of Oswego, who was an old lieutenant of Mr. Tilden, an earnest friend of Mr. Cleveland, and a leading anti-snapper. But Mr. Poucher lived in the country, and it was the President's strong desire to appoint a city man to the office. Colonel Robert E. Monroe was the city anti-snapper candidate, and the only objection to him was that of age. No one questioned his fitness otherwise. A few merchants were mentioned, but Mr. Cleveland wanted a lawyer.

In the last part of the month of May, when Colonel Monroe's appointment was recognized as hopeless, the name of Mr. Kilbreth was suggested in a conversation between Secretary Lamont and several leading anti-snappers in this city. Mr. Kilbreth has always been a Democrat, and, so far as he has taken an active part in politics, he has been opposed to Tammany Hall. He was a member of the old Irving Hall organization, of the County Democracy, and an interested participant in the movement which, under the leadership of ex-Secretary Fairchild, resulted in the Syracuse convention.

The new Collector has won the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens of all parties by the large ability and thorough integrity which he displayed while he was a police justice. The New York *Tribune* says of this political opponent that he was "the best police justice New York has ever had."

Mr. Kilbreth was born at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1841. He was educated at Harvard University, graduating in the class of 1862. In 1873 he was appointed a police justice by Mayor Havemeyer, and held the office until Mayor Grant, in the interest of Tammany Hall, refused to reappoint him.

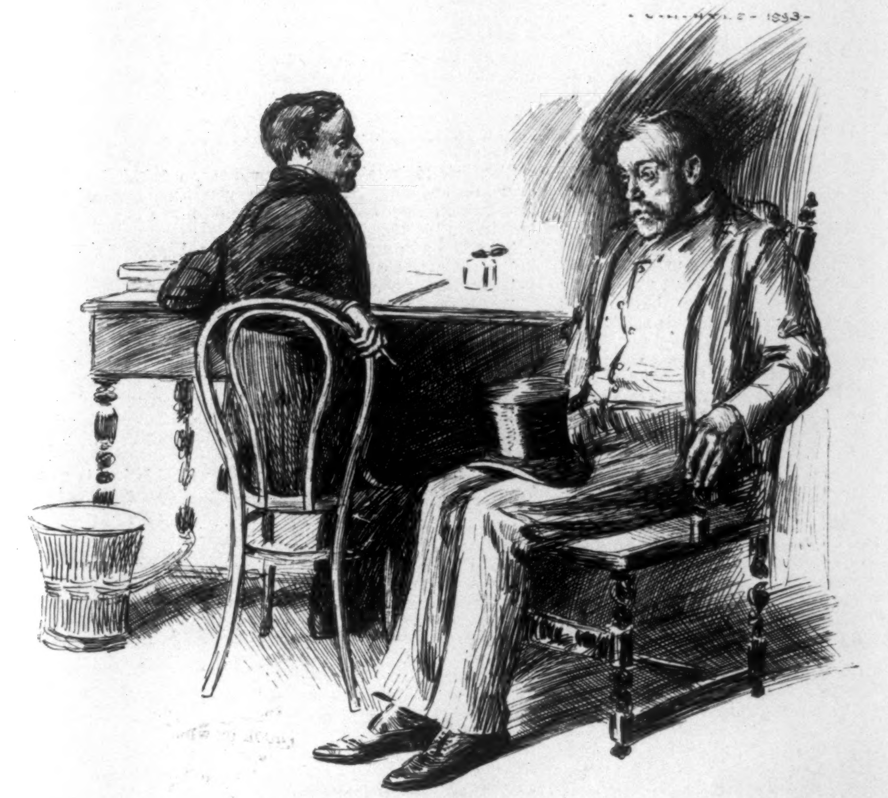
THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

THE RESIDENT PATIENT.

IN glancing over the somewhat incoherent series of memoirs with which I have endeavored to illustrate a few of the mental peculiarities of my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I have been struck by the difficulty which I have experienced in picking out examples which shall in every way answer my purpose. For in those cases in which Holmes has performed some *tour de force* of analytical reasoning, and has demonstrated the value of his peculiar methods of investigation, the facts themselves have often been so slight or so commonplace that I could not feel justified in laying them before the public. On the other hand, it has frequently happened that he has been concerned in some research where the facts have been of the most remarkable and dramatic character, but where the share which he has himself taken in determining their causes has been less pronounced than I, as his biographer, could wish. The small matter which I have chronicled under the heading of the "Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle," and that other later one connected with the loss of the *Gloria Scott*, may serve as examples of this Scylla and Charybdis which are forever threatening his historian. It may be that in the business of which I am now about to write the part which my friend played is not sufficiently accentuated, and yet the whole train of circumstances is so remarkable that I cannot bring myself to omit it entirely from this series.



"I WAS SHOCKED TO SEE HE WAS STARING AT ME WITH A PERFECTLY BLANK FACE."

I cannot be sure of the exact date, for some of my memoranda upon the matter have been mislaid, but it must have been towards the end of the first year during which Holmes and I shared chambers in Baker Street. It was boisterous October weather, and we had both remained in-doors all day, I because I feared with my shaken health to face the keen autumn wind, while he was deep in some of those abstruse chemical investigations which absorbed him utterly as long as he was engaged upon them. Towards evening, however, the breaking of a test-tube brought his research to a premature ending, and he sprang up from his chair with an exclamation of impatience and a clouded brow.

"A day's work ruined, Watson," said he, striding across to the window. "Ha, the stars are out and the wind has fallen. What do you say to a ramble through London?"

I was weary of our little sitting-room, and gladly acquiesced, muffling myself nose-high against the keen night air. For three hours we strolled about together, watching the ever-changing kaleidoscope of life as it ebbs and flows through Fleet Street and the Strand. Holmes had shaken off his temporary ill-humor, and his characteristic talk, with its keen observance of detail and subtle power of inference, held me amused and enthralled. It was ten o'clock before we reached Baker Street again. A brougham was waiting at the door.

"Hum! A doctor's; general practitioner, I perceive," said Holmes. "Not been long in practice or had much to do. Come to consult us, I fancy. Lucky we came back."

I was sufficiently conversant with Holmes's methods to be able to follow his reasoning, and to see that the nature and state of the various medical instruments in the wicker basket which hung in the lamp-light inside the brougham had given him the data for his swift deduction. The light in our window showed that this late visit was indeed intended for us. With some curiosity as to what could have sent a brother medico to us at such an hour, I followed Holmes into our sanctum.

A pale taper-faced man with sandy whiskers rose up from a chair by the fire as we entered. His age may not have been more than three or four and thirty, but his haggard expression and unhealthy hue told of a life which had sapped his strength and robbed him of his youth. His manner was nervous and shy, like that of a sensitive gentleman, and the thin white hand which he laid on the mantel-piece as he rose was that of an artist rather than of a surgeon. His dress was quiet and sombre — a black frock-coat, dark trousers, and a touch of color about his necktie.

"Good-evening, doctor," said Holmes, cheerily. "I am glad to see that you have only been waiting a very few minutes."

"You spoke to my coachman, then?"

"No; it was the candle on the side-table that told me. Pray resume your seat, and let me know how I can serve you."

"My name is Dr. Percy Trevelyan," said our visitor, "and I live at 403 Brook Street."

"Are you not the author of a monograph upon obscure nervous lesions?" I asked.

His pale cheeks flushed with pleasure at hearing that his work was known to me. "I so seldom hear of the work that I thought it was quite dead," said he. "My publishers gave me a most discouraging account of its sale. You are, yourself, I presume, a medical man?"

"A retired army surgeon."

"My own hobby has always been nervous disease. I should wish to make it an absolute specialty, but of course a man must take what he can get at first. This, however, is beside the question, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and I quite appreciate how valuable your time is. The fact is that a very singular train of events has occurred recently at my house in Brook Street, and to-night they came to such a head that I felt that it was quite impossible for me to wait another hour before asking for your advice and assistance."

Sherlock Holmes sat down and lit his pipe. "You are very welcome to both," said he. "Pray let me have a detailed account of what the circumstances are which have disturbed you."

"One or two of them are so trivial," said Dr. Trevelyan, "that really I am almost ashamed to mention them. But the matter is so inexplicable, and the recent turn which it has taken is so elaborate, that I shall lay it all before you, and you shall judge what is essential and what is not.

"I am compelled, to begin with, to say something of my own college career. I am a London University man, you know, and I am sure that you will not think that I am unduly singing my own praises if I say that my student career was considered by my professors to be a very promising one. After I had graduated I continued to devote myself to research, occupying a minor position in King's College Hospital, and I was fortunate enough to excite considerable interest by my research into the pathology of catalepsy, and finally to win the Bruce Pinkerton prize and medal by the monograph on nervous lesions to which your friend has just alluded. I should not go too far if I were to say that there was a general impression at that time that a distinguished career lay before me.

"But the one great stumbling-block lay in my want of capital. As you will readily understand, a specialist who aims high is compelled to start in one of a dozen streets in the Cavendish Square quarter, all of which entail enormous rents and furnishing expenses. Besides this preliminary outlay he must be prepared to keep himself for some years and to hire a presentable carriage and horse. To do this was quite beyond my power, and I could only hope that by economy I might in ten years' time save enough to enable me to put up my plate. Suddenly, however, an unexpected incident opened up quite a new prospect to me.

"This was a visit from a gentleman of the name of Blessington, who was a complete stranger to me. He came up into my room one morning and plunged into business in an instant.

"'You are the same Percy Trevelyan who has had so distinguished a career and won a great prize lately?' said he.

"I bowed.

"'Answer me frankly,' he continued, 'for you will find it to your interest to do so. You have all the cleverness which makes a successful man. Have you tact?'

"I could not help smiling at the abruptness of the question. 'I trust that I have my share,' said I.

"'Any bad habits? Not drawn towards drink, eh?'

"'Really, sir—!' I cried.

"'Quite right. That's all right. But I was bound to ask. With all these qualities, why are you not in practice?'

"I shrugged my shoulders.

"'Come, come!' said he, in his bustling way. 'It's the old story. More in your brains than in your pocket, eh? What would you say if I were to start you in Brook Street?'

"I stared at him in astonishment.

"'Oh, it's for my sake, not for yours,' he cried. 'I'll be perfectly frank with you, and if it suits you it will suit me very well. I have a few thousand to invest, d'ye see, and I think I'll sink them in you.'

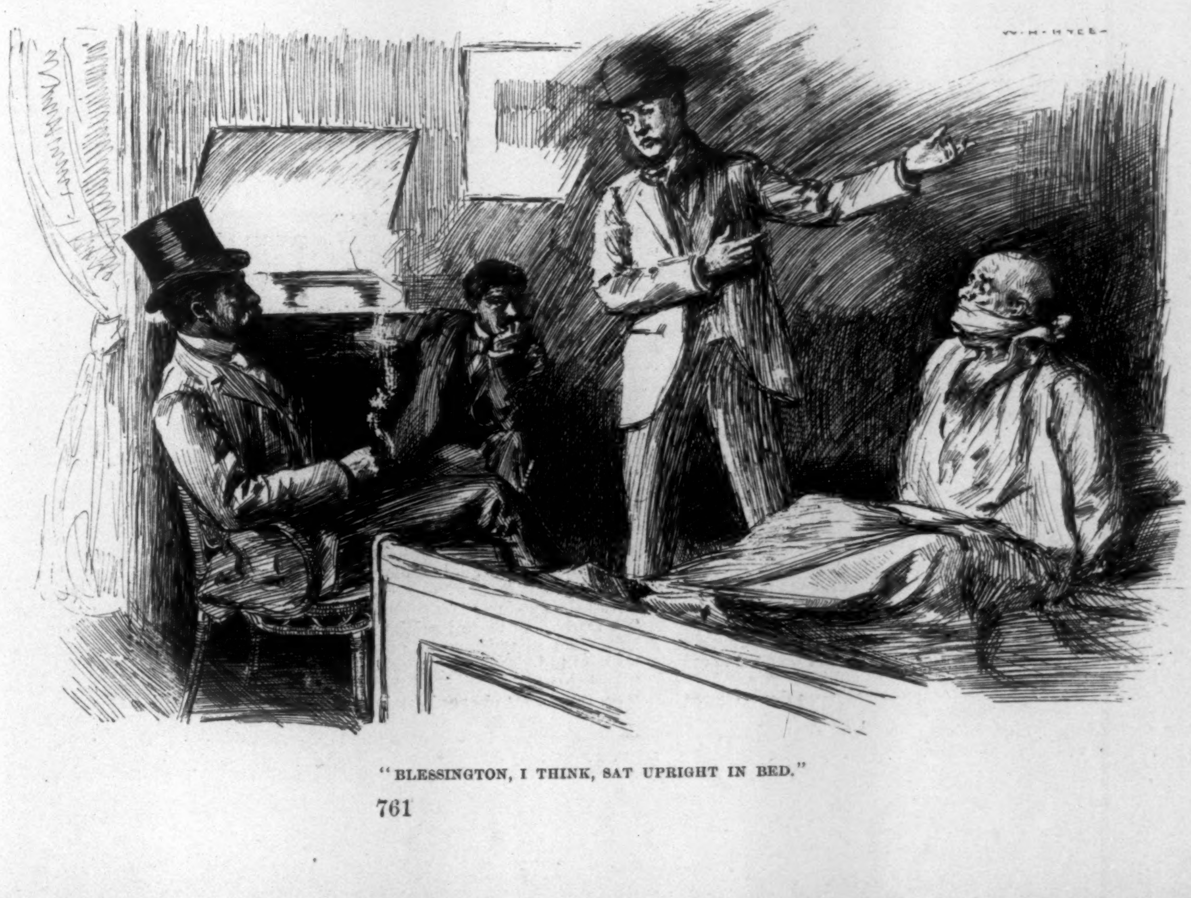
"'But why?' I gasped.

"'Well, it's just like any other speculation, and safer than most.'

"'What am I to do, then?'

"'I'll tell you. I'll take the house, furnish it, pay the maids, and run the whole place. All you have to do is just to wear out your chair in the consulting-room. I'll let you have pocket-money and everything. Then you hand over to me three-quarters of what you earn, and you keep the other quarter for yourself.'

"This was the strange proposal, Mr. Holmes, with which this man Blessington approached me. I won't weary you with the account of how we bargained and negotiated. It ended in my moving into the house next lady-day, and starting in practice on very much the same conditions as he had suggested. He came himself to live with me in the character of a resident patient. His heart was weak, it appears, and he needed constant medical supervision. He turned the



"BLESSINGTON, I THINK, SAT UPRIGHT IN BED."

two best rooms on the first floor into a sitting-room and bedroom for himself. He was a man of singular habits, shunning company and very seldom going out. His life was irregular, but in one respect he was regularity itself. Every evening at the same hour he walked into the consulting-room, examined the books, put down five and threepence for every güinea that I had earned, and carried the rest off to the strong-box in his own room.

“I may say with confidence that he never had occasion to regret his speculation. From the first it was a success. A few good cases and the reputation which I had won in the hospital brought me rapidly to the front, and during the last few years I have made him a rich man. I do not complain of it. It was business. Perhaps Mr. Blessington might have used his power in a more charitable spirit, but still he had his rights, and he took them.

“So much, Mr. Holmes, for my past history and for my relations with Mr. Blessington. It only remains for me now to tell you what has occurred to bring me here to-night.

“Some weeks ago Mr. Blessington came down to me in, as it seemed to me, a state of considerable agitation. He spoke of some burglary which he said had been committed in the West End, and he appeared, I remember, to be quite unnecessarily excited about it, declaring that a day should not pass before we should add stronger bolts to our windows and doors. For a week he continued to be in quite a peculiar state of restlessness, peering continually out of the windows, and ceasing to take the short walk which had usually been the prelude to his dinner. From his manner it struck me that he was in mortal dread of something or somebody; but when I questioned him upon the point he became so offensive that I was compelled to drop the subject. Gradually, as time passed, his fears appeared to die away, and he had renewed his former habits, when a fresh event reduced him to the pitiable state of prostration in which he now lies.

“What happened was this: Three days ago I received the letter which I now read to you. Neither address nor date is attached to it.

“‘A Russian nobleman, who is now resident in England,’ it runs, ‘would be glad to avail himself of the professional assistance of Dr. Percy Trevelyan. He has been for some years a victim to cataleptic attacks, on which, as is well known, Dr. Trevelyan is an authority. He proposes to call at about quarter past six to-morrow evening, if Dr. Trevelyan will make it convenient to be at home.’

“This letter interested me deeply, because the chief difficulty in the study of catalepsy is the rareness of the disease. Poor as I was, I would willingly have paid handsomely for the privilege of treating this case. You may believe, then, that I was in my consulting-room when, at the appointed hour, the page showed in the patient.

“He was an elderly man, thin, demure, and commonplace—by no means the conception one forms of a Russian nobleman. I was much more struck by the appearance of his companion. This was a tall young man, surprisingly handsome, with a dark fierce face, and the limbs and chest of a Hercules. He had his hand under the other's arm as they entered, and helped him to a chair with a tenderness which one would hardly have expected from his appearance.

“‘You will excuse my coming in, doctor,’ said he to me, speaking English with a slight lisp. ‘This is my father, and his health is a matter of the most overwhelming importance to me.’

“I was touched by this filial anxiety. ‘You would perhaps care to remain during the consultation,’ said I.

“‘Not for the world,’ he cried, with a gesture of horror. ‘It is more painful to me than I can express. If I were to see my father in one of these dreadful seizures, I am convinced that I should never survive it. My own nervous system is an exceptionally sensitive one. With your permission I will remain in the waiting-room while you go into my father's case.’

“To this, of course, I assented, and the young man withdrew. The patient and I then plunged into a discussion of his case, of which I took exhaustive notes. He was not remarkable for intelligence, and his answers were frequently obscure, which I attributed to his limited acquaintance with our language. Suddenly, however, as I sat writing he ceased to give any answer at all to my inquiries, and on my turning towards him I was shocked to see that he was sitting bolt-upright in his chair, staring at me with a perfectly blank and rigid face. He was again in the grip of his mysterious malady.

“My first feeling, as I have just said, was one of pity and horror. My second, I fear, was rather one of professional satisfaction. I made notes of my patient's pulse and temperature, tested the rigidity of his muscles, and examined his reflexes. There was nothing markedly abnormal in any of these conditions, which harmonized with my former experiences. I had obtained good results in such cases by the inhalation of nitrite of amyl, and the present seemed an admirable opportunity of testing its virtues. The bottle was downstairs in my laboratory; so, leaving my patient seated in his chair, I ran down to get it. There was some little delay in finding it—five minutes, let us say—and then I returned. Imagine my amazement to find the room empty and the patient gone.

“Of course my first act was to run into the waiting-room. The son had gone also. The hall door had been closed but not shut. My page who admits patients is a new boy, and by no means quick. He waits downstairs, and runs up to show patients out when I ring the consulting-room bell. He had heard nothing, and the affair remained a complete mystery. Mr. Blessington came in from his walk shortly afterward, but I did not say anything to him upon the subject, for, to tell the truth, I have got in the way of late of holding as little communication with him as possible.

“Well, I never thought that I should see anything more of the Russian and his son, so you can imagine my amazement when, at the very same hour this evening, they both came marching into my consulting-room, just as they had done before.

“‘I feel that I owe you a great many apologies for my abrupt departure yesterday, doctor,’ said my patient.

“‘I confess that I was very much surprised at it,’ said I.

“‘Well, the fact is,’ he remarked, ‘that when I recover from these attacks my mind is always very clouded as to all that has gone before. I woke up in a strange room, as it seemed to me, and made my way out into the street in a sort of dazed way when you were absent.’

“‘And I,’ said the son, ‘seeing my father pass the door of the waiting-room, naturally thought that the consultation had come to an end. It was not until we had reached home that I began to realize the true state of affairs.’

“‘Well,’ said I, laughing, ‘there is no harm done, except that you puzzled me terribly, so if you, sir, would kindly step into the waiting-room, I shall be happy to continue our consultation which was brought to so abrupt an ending.’

“For half an hour or so I discussed the old gentleman's symptoms with him, and then, having prescribed for him, I saw him go off again upon the arm of his son.

“I have told you that Mr. Blessington generally chooses this hour of the day for his exercise. He came in shortly afterwards and passed up stairs. An instant later I heard him running down, and he burst into my consulting-room like a man who is mad with panic.

“‘Who has been in my room?’ he cried.

“‘No one,’ said I.

“‘It's a lie,’ he yelled. ‘Come up and look.’

“I passed over the grossness of his language, as he seemed half out of his mind with fear. When I went up stairs with him he pointed to several footprints upon the light carpet.

“‘D' you mean to say those are mine?’ he cried.

“They were certainly very much larger than any which he could have made, and were evidently quite fresh. It rained hard this afternoon, as you know, and my patients were the only people who called. It must have been the case, then, that the man in the waiting-room had for some unknown reason, while I was busy with the other, ascended to the room of my resident patient. Nothing had been touched or taken, but there were the footprints to prove that the intrusion was an undoubted fact.

“Mr. Blessington seemed more excited over the matter than I should have thought possible, though, of course, it was enough to disturb anybody's peace of mind. He actually sat crying in an arm-chair, and I could hardly get him to speak coherently. It was his suggestion that I should come round to you, and of course I at once saw the propriety of it, for certainly the incident is a very singular one, though he appears to completely overrate its importance. If you would only come back with me in my brougham, you would at least be able to sooth him, though I can hardly hope that you will be able to explain this remarkable occurrence.”

Sherlock Holmes had listened to this long narrative with an intentness which showed me that his interest was keenly aroused. His face was as impassive as ever, but his lids had drooped more heavily over his eyes, and his smoke had curled up more thickly from his pipe to emphasize each curious episode in the doctor's tale. As our visitor concluded, Holmes sprang up without a word, handed me my hat, picked his own from the table, and followed Dr. Trevelyan to the door. Within a quarter of an hour we had been dropped at the door of the physician's residence in Brook Street, one of those sombre flat-faced houses which one associates with a West End practice. A small page admitted us, and we began at once to ascend the broad, well-carpeted stair.

But a singular interruption brought us to a stand-still. The light at the top was suddenly whisked out, and from the darkness came a reedy, quavering voice.

“I have a pistol,” it cried. “I give you my word that I'll fire if you come any nearer.”

“This really grows outrageous, Mr. Blessington,” cried Dr. Trevelyan.

“Oh, then it is you, doctor,” said the voice, with a great heave of relief. “But those other gentlemen, are they what they pretend to be?”

We were conscious of a long scrutiny out of the darkness.

“Yes, yes, it's all right,” said the voice at last. “You can come up; and I am sorry if my precautions have annoyed you.”

He relit the stair gas as he spoke, and we saw before us a singular-looking man, whose appearance, as well as his voice, testified to his jangled nerves. He was very fat, but had apparently at some time been much fatter, so that the skin hung about his face in loose pouches, like the cheeks of a blood-hound. He was of a sickly color, and his thin sandy hair seemed to bristle up with the intensity of his emotion. In his hand he held a pistol, but he thrust it into his pocket as we advanced.

“Good-evening, Mr. Holmes,” said he. “I am sure I am very much obliged to you for coming round. No one ever needed your advice more than I do. I suppose that Dr. Trevelyan has told you of this most unwarrantable intrusion into my rooms.”

“Quite so,” said Holmes. “Who are these two men, Mr. Blessington, and why do they molest you?”

“Well, well,” said the resident patient, in a nervous fashion, “of course it is hard to say that. You can hardly expect me to answer that, Mr. Holmes.”

“Do you mean that you don't know?”

“Come in here, if you please. Just have the kindness to step in here.”

He led the way into his bedroom, which was large and comfortably furnished. “You see that?” said he, pointing to a big black box at the end of his bed. “I have never been a very rich man, Mr. Holmes—never made but one investment in my life, as Dr. Trevelyan would tell you. But I don't believe in bankers. I would never trust a banker, Mr. Holmes. Between ourselves, what little I have is in that box, so you can understand what it means to me when unknown people force themselves into my rooms.”

Holmes looked at Blessington in his questioning way, and shook his head. “I cannot possibly advise you if you try to deceive me,” said he.

“But I have told you everything.”

Holmes turned on his heel with a gesture of disgust. “Good-night, Dr. Trevelyan,” said he.

“And no advice for me?” cried Blessington, in a breaking voice.

“My advice to you, sir, is to speak the truth.”

A minute later we were in the street and walking for home. We had crossed Oxford Street and were half-way down Harley Street before I could get a word from my companion.

“Sorry to bring you out on such a fool's errand, Watson,” he said at last. “It is an interesting case too at the bottom of it.”

“I can make little of it,” I confessed.

“Well, it is quite evident that there are two men—more, perhaps, but at least two—who are determined for some reason to get at this fellow Blessington. I have no doubt in my mind that both on the first and on the second occasion that young man penetrated to Blessington's room, while his confederate by an ingenious device kept the doctor from interfering.”

“And the catalepsy?”

“A fraudulent imitation, Watson, though I should hardly dare to hint as much to our specialist. It is a very easy complaint to imitate. I have done it myself.”

“And then?”

“By the purest chance Blessington was out on each occasion. Their reason for choosing so unusual an hour for a consultation was obviously to insure that there should be no other patient in the waiting-room. It just happened, however, that this hour coincided with Blessington's constitutional, which seems to show that they were not very well acquainted with his daily routine. Of course, if they had been merely after the plunder, they would at least have made some attempt to search for it. Besides, I can read in a man's eye when it is his own skin that he is frightened for. It is inconceivable that this fellow could have made two such vindictive enemies as these appear to be without knowing it. I hold it, therefore, to be certain that he does know who these men are, and that for reasons of his own he suppresses it. It is just possible that to-morrow may find him in a more communicative mood.”

“Is there not one alternative,” I suggested, “grotesquely improbable, no doubt, but still just conceivable? Might the whole story of the cataleptic Russian and his son be a concoction of Dr. Trevelyan's, who has, for his own purposes, been in Blessington's rooms?”

I saw in the gas-light that Holmes wore an amused smile at this brilliant departure of mine.

“My dear fellow,” he said, “it was one of the first solutions which occurred to me, but I was soon able to corroborate the doctor's tale. This young man has left prints upon the stair-carpet which made it quite superfluous for me to ask to see those which he had made in the room. When I tell you that his shoes were square-toed, instead of being pointed like Blessington's, and were quite an inch and a third longer than the doctor's, you will acknowledge that there can be no doubt as to his individuality. But we may sleep on it now, for I shall be surprised if we do not hear something further from Brook Street in the morning.”

Sherlock Holmes's prophecy was soon fulfilled, and in a dramatic fashion. At half past seven next morning, in the first dim glimmer of daylight, I found him standing by my bedside in his dressing-gown.

“There's a brougham waiting for us, Watson,” said he.

“What's the matter, then?”

“The Brook Street business.”

“Any fresh news?”

“Tragic but ambiguous,” said he, pulling up the blind. “Look at this—a sheet from a note-book with ‘For God's sake, come at once—P. T.’ scrawled upon it in pencil. Our friend the doctor was hard put to it when he wrote this. Come along, my dear fellow, for it's an urgent call.”

In quarter of an hour or so we were back at the physician's house. He came running out to meet us with a face of horror.

“Oh, such a business!” he cried, with his hands to his temples.

“What, then?”

“Blessington has committed suicide.”

Holmes whistled.

“Yes, he hanged himself during the night.”

We had entered, and the doctor had preceded us into what was evidently his waiting-room.

“I really hardly know what I am doing,” he cried. “The police are already upstairs. It has shaken me most dreadfully.”

“When did you find it out?”

“He has a cup of tea taken in to him early every morning. When the maid entered, about seven, there the unfortunate fellow was hanging in the middle of the room. He had tied his cord to the hook on which the heavy lamp used to hang, and he had jumped off from the top of the very box that he showed us yesterday.”

Holmes stood for a moment in deep thought. “With your permission,” said he at last, “I should like to go up stairs and look into the matter.”

We both ascended, followed by the doctor.

It was a dreadful sight which met us as we entered the bedroom door. I have spoken of the impression of flabbiness which this man Blessington conveyed. As he dangled from the hook it was exaggerated and intensified until he was scarce human in his appearance. The neck only was drawn out like a plucked chicken's, making the rest of him seem the more obese and unnatural by the contrast. He was clad in his long night-dress, and his swollen ankles and ungainly feet protruded starkly from beneath it. Beside him stood a smart-looking police inspector, who was taking notes in a pocket-book.

“Ah, Mr. Holmes,” said he, heartily, as my friend entered, “I am delighted to see you.”

“Good-morning, Lanner,” answered Holmes. “You won't think me an intruder, I am sure. Have you heard of the events which led up to this affair?”

“Yes, I heard something of them.”

“Have you formed any opinion?”

“As far as I can see, the man has been driven out of his senses by fright. The bed has been well slept in, you see. There's his impression, deep enough. It's about five in the morning that suicides are most common. That should be about his time for hanging himself. It seems to have been a very deliberate affair.”

“I should say that he has been dead about three hours, judging by the rigidity of the muscles,” said I.

“Noticed anything peculiar about the room?” asked Holmes.

“Found a screw-driver and some screws on the wash-stand. Seems to have smoked heavily during the night, too. Here are four cigar ends that I picked out of the fire-place.”

“Hum!” said Holmes. “Have you got his cigar-holder?”

“No; I have seen none.”

“His cigar-case then?”

“Yes; it was in his coat pocket.”

Holmes opened it and smelled the single cigar which it contained.

“Oh, this is a Havannah, and these others are cigars of the peculiar sort which are imported by the Dutch from their East Indian colonies. They are usually wrapped in straw, you know, and are thinner, for their length, than any other brand.” He picked up the four ends and examined them with his pocket-lens. “Two of these have been smoked from a holder, and two without,” said he. “Two have been cut by a not very sharp knife, and two have had the ends bitten off by a set of excellent teeth. This is no suicide, Mr. Lanner. It is a very deeply planned and cold-blooded murder.”

“Impossible!” cried the inspector.

“And why?”

“Why should any one murder a man in so clumsy a fashion as by hanging him?”

“That is what we have to find out.”

“How could they get in?”

“Through the front door.”

“It was barred in the morning.”

“Then it was barred after them.”

“How do you know?”

"I saw their traces. Excuse me a moment, and I may be able to give you some further information about it."

He went over to the door, and turning the lock, he examined it in his methodical way. Then he took out the key, which was on the inside, and inspected that also. The bed, the carpet, the chairs, the mantel-piece, the dead body, and the rope were each in turn examined, until at last he professed himself satisfied, and with my aid and that of the inspector, cut down the wretched object and laid it reverently under a sheet.

"How about this rope?" he asked.

"It is cut off this," said Dr. Trevelyan, drawing a large coil from under the bed. "He was morbidly nervous of fire, and always kept this beside him, so that he might escape by the window in case the stairs were burning."

"That must have saved them trouble," said Holmes, thoughtfully. "Yes, the actual facts are very plain, and I shall be surprised if by the afternoon I cannot give you the reasons for them as well. I will take this photograph of Blessington which I see upon the mantel-piece, as it may help me in my inquiries."

"But you have told us nothing," said the doctor.

"Oh, there can be no doubt as to the sequence of events," said Holmes. "There were three of them in it—the young man, the old man, and a third, to whose identity I have no clew. The first two, I need hardly remark, are the same who masqueraded as the Russian count and his son, so we can give a very full description of them. They were admitted by a confederate inside the house. If I might offer you a word of advice, inspector, it would be to arrest the page, who, as I understand, has only recently come into your service, doctor."

"The young imp cannot be found," said Dr. Trevelyan. "The maid and the cook have just been searching for him."

Holmes shrugged his shoulders. "He has played a not unimportant part in this drama. The three men having ascended the stair, which they did on tiptoe, the elder man first, the younger man second, and the unknown man in the rear—"

"My dear Holmes!" I ejaculated.

"Oh, there could be no question as to the superimposing of the foot-marks. I had the advantage of learning which was which last night. They ascended then to Mr. Blessington's room, the door of which they found to be locked. With the help of a wire, however, they forced round the key. Even without a lens you will perceive by the scratches on this ward where the pressure was applied.

"On entering the room their first proceeding must have been to gag Mr. Blessington. He may have been asleep, or he may have been so paralyzed with terror as to have been unable to cry out. These walls are thick, and it is conceivable that his shriek, if he had time to utter one, was unheard.

"Having secured him, it is evident to me that a consultation of some sort was held. Probably it was something in the nature of a judicial proceeding. It must have lasted for some time, for it is then that these cigars were smoked. The older man sat in that wicker chair; it was he who used the cigar-holder. The younger man sat over yonder; he knocked his ash off against the chest of drawers. The third fellow paced up and down. Blessington, I think, sat upright in the bed; but of that I cannot be absolutely certain.

"Well, it ended by their taking Blessington and hanging him. The matter was so pre-arranged that it is my belief that they brought with them some sort of block or pulley which might serve as a gallows. That screw-driver and those screws were, as I conceive, for fixing it up. Seeing the hook, however, they naturally saved themselves the trouble. Having finished their work, they made off, and the door was barred behind them by their confederate."

We had all listened with the deepest interest to this sketch of the night's doings, which Holmes had deduced from signs so subtle and minute that even when he had pointed them out to us we could scarcely follow him in his reasonings. The inspector hurried away on the instant to make inquiries about the page, while Holmes and I returned to Baker Street for breakfast.

"I'll be back by three," said he, when we had finished our meal. "Both the inspector and the doctor will meet me here at that hour, and I hope by that time to have cleared up any little obscurity which the case may still present."

Our visitors arrived at the appointed time, but it was a quarter to four before my friend put in an appearance. From his expression as he entered, however, I could see that all had gone well with him.

"Any news, inspector?"

"We have got the boy, sir."

"Excellent. And I have got the men."

"You have got them?" we cried, all three.

"Well, at least I have got their identity. This so-called Blessington is, as I expected, well known at headquarters, and so are his assailants. Their names are Biddle, Hayward, and Hoffat."

"The Worthingdon Bank gang," cried the inspector.

"Precisely," said Holmes.

"Then Blessington must have been Sutton?"

"Exactly," said Holmes.

"Why, that makes it as clear as crystal," said the inspector.

But Trevelyan and I looked at each other in bewilderment.

"You must surely remember the great Worthingdon Bank business," said Holmes. "Five men were in it—these four, and a fifth called Cartwright. Tobin, the care-taker, was murdered, and the thieves got away with seven thousand pounds. This was in 1875. They were all five arrested, but the evidence against them was by no means conclusive. This Blessington, or Sutton, who was the worst of the gang, turned informer. On his evidence Cartwright was hanged, and the other three got fifteen years apiece. When they got out the other day, which was some years before their full term, they set themselves, as you perceive, to hunt down the traitor, and to avenge the death of their comrade upon him. Twice they tried to get at him, and failed; a third time, you see, it came off. Is there anything further which I can explain, Dr. Trevelyan?"

"I think that you have made it all remarkably clear," said the doctor. "No doubt the day on which he was so perturbed was the day when he had seen of their release in the newspapers."

"Quite so. His talk about a burglary was the merest blind."

"But why could he not tell you this?"

"Well, my dear sir, knowing the vindictive character of his old associates, he was trying to hide his own identity from everybody as long as he could. His secret was a shameful one, and he could not bring himself to divulge it. However, wretch that he was, he was still living under the shield of British law, and I have no doubt, inspector, that you will see that though that shield may fail to guard, the sword of justice is still there to avenge."

Such were the singular circumstances in connection with the resident patient and the Brook Street doctor. From that night nothing has been seen of the three murderers by the police, and it is surmised at Scotland Yard that they were among the passengers of the ill-fated steamer *Norah Creina*, which was lost some years ago, with all hands, upon the Portuguese coast, some leagues to the north of Oporto. The proceedings against the page broke down for want of evidence, and the Brook Street mystery, as it was called, has never until now been fully dealt with in any public print.

A RIDGE OF CORN.

WITH heart grown weary of the heat,
  And hungry for the breath
Of field and farm, with eager feet
  I trod the pavement dry as death
Through city streets where vice is born—
And sudden, lo! a ridge of corn.

Above the dingy roofs it stood,
  A dome of tossing, tangled spears,
Dark, cool, and sweet as any wood.
  Its silken gleam and plumed ears
Laughed on me through the haze of morn,
The tranquil presence of the corn.

Upon the salt wind from the sea,
  Borne westward swift as dreams
Of boyhood are, I seemed to be
  Once more a part of sounds and gleams
Thrown on me by the winds of morn
Amid the rustling rows of corn.

I bared my head, and on me fell
  The old wild wizardry again
Of leaf and sky, the moving spell
  Of boyhood's easy joy or pain,
When pumpkin trump was Siegfried's horn
Echoing down the walls of corn.

I saw the field (as trackless then
  As wood to Daniel Boone)
Wherein we hunted wolves and men,
  And ranged and twanged the green bassoon.
Not blither Robin Hood's merry horn
Than pumpkin vine amid the corn.

In central deeps the melons lay,
  Slow swelling in the August sun.
I traced again the narrow way,
  And joined again the stealthy run.
The jack-o'-lantern race was born
Within the shadows of the corn.

O wide, west wilderness of leaves!
  O playmates far away! Over thee
The slow wind like a mourner grieves,
  And stirs the plumed ears like a sea.
Would we could sound again the horn
In vast sweet presence of the corn!

HAMLIN GARLAND.

·THIS·BUSY· ·WORLD·

THE War Department having arranged that the West Point cadets shall see the Chicago Fair, is disposed to be content with the accomplishment of that purpose, and declines to provide for putting the corps on exhibition. The cadets, three hundred strong, will camp on the fair grounds from August 17th to August 28th, but the request of the fair managers to have them stay a month has been declined, as have been the invitations of sundry cities between New York and Chicago to have the corps stop over and visit them on its way. The cadets, it seems, are to be sent out to see the sights, and not as part of the military exhibit of the department. If, incidentally, they look pretty, and are admired, and so disjoint the noses of the Columbian Guard, that cannot be helped, and the department will have to wink at it.

The War Department, by-the-way, has lately come in for some rather candid comment in connection with the lamented death of Lieutenant Powhatan Clarke. As an officer of brains, energy, and enthusiasm, and one, moreover, who had won the United States medal of honor for special gallantry in action against Apache Indians, Lieutenant Clarke was allowed to avail himself of an opportunity to serve a year in the German army. He joined the Eleventh Hussars at Dusseldorf, worked hard, learned all he could of German military methods, and made regular reports of the results of his observations to the Adjutant-General's office in Washington. When he came home he made every effort to have his reports published, but was denied that satisfaction, partly because he could not convince the authorities that his recommendations were of value, partly because it was averred that in his reports he had "criticised the service." Finally he began to communicate his views in newspaper articles published in the New York *Herald*, but was warned that a continuance in that method would expose him to trial by court martial. If the assertions of his eulogists are well founded, his death, "with all his music in him," will bring relief in quarters where his energy was a source of discomfort, and his military knowledge something of a menace to ease and a quiet life. It would be rash to assert, without knowing what was in his reports, that it was a mistake not to publish them, but the story of his experiences, as it has lately been told, recalls the impassioned declaration made a month or two ago by Mr. Frederic Remington, about the military fogies in Washington bureaus who strangle live soldiers with red tape.

It reminds one of General Grant when the London *Times* says of Admiral Tryon that, in spite of a habit of body which must have inclined him to indolence, "he was, nevertheless, the most hard-working and tireless officer in any of his squadrons, and, provided only that he could smoke to his heart's content, he seemed to never weary of his often very arduous duties." And speaking of the *Times*, how many Americans have ever seen a newspaper in its conventional holiday dress, or even know what the conventional newspaper's holiday dress is? The "turned rules" which put a newspaper in mourning are familiar enough to American eyes; so are the flaring head-lines and bedazzlements of type and monstrosities of illustration and even of color which our journals display on occasions of high festivity. But the *Times* does not indulge in pictures or fritter away its valuable space on turbulent head-lines. It gave no more than four inches of head-lines even to the *Victoria* disaster. But last month, when Duke George and the Princess May were married, it loyally blossomed out in honor of the occasion with a flowery border about quarter of an inch wide around each page of its wedding-day issue. To have noted the austere gayety of that border is to be informed as to the precise degree of typographical frivolity that precedent permits on occasion to a respectable British journal with a past.

The University Settlement Society points with pride to itself and to the population of the Tenth Ward, because the average daily attendance in June, at its recent free loan exhibition of paintings at the Neighborhood Guild in Delancey Street, was more than twice as great as the attendance during the same period at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. An average of 2151 people went to the Delancey Street exhibition every day in June, while the Metropolitan Museum's average for the same month was 964. The inference which is drawn is that the population of the Tenth Ward and its neighborhood, while possessing the "art instinct" in a demonstrable degree, lack the leisure and possibly the car-fares to run up to Eighty-second Street and cultivate it. Wherefore the University Settlement Society believes that if the Tenth Ward cannot go after the pictures, the pictures ought to be brought to the ward; and it points out the propriety of having loan exhibitions annually hereafter in Delancey Street, and not short ones in the heat of midsummer either, but for three or four months every winter. This conclusion is so obviously reasonable that there ought to be no insurmountable difficulties about realizing its demands. Mr. Lawrence Veiller, the manager of the late exhibition, ought to be happy, as no doubt he is, in its success, and ought to find willing support, as no doubt he will, in getting up such another exhibition as he desires next winter.

The shindy in the House of Commons was not the only rude shock that British propriety sustained in the month of July. On the 3d of the month, in the course of the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match, the spectators became dissatisfied with certain tactics of the Oxford men, and rudely exhorted them to "Play the game!" Remarking next day that it was probably the first time such an admonition had been addressed to university elevens, the *Times* observed that this was an age of vanishing illusions, but that "it would be particularly painful to be compelled to class in that mournful category the belief that the genuine spirit of English sport survives unimpaired in university cricket and university boat-racing." The editorial verdict was that there was nothing amiss with Oxford's play, but that the rules of cricket needed amending. It is sorrowful to think, though, that before the month was out the *Times* had to put the immemorial orderliness of the House of Commons into its mournful category of vanishing illusions.

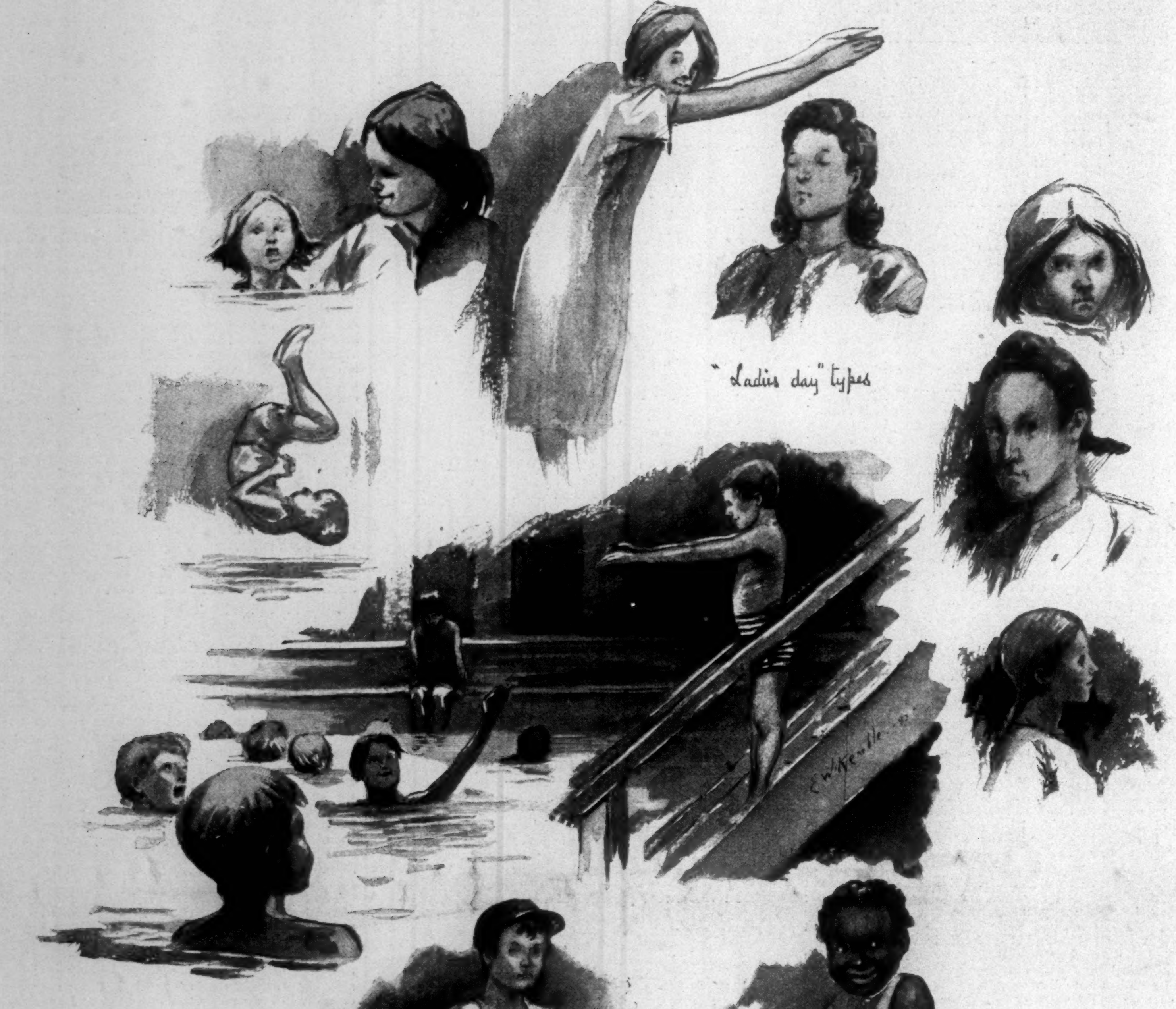
The *Boston Transcript* does not exaggerate when it speaks of the late Richard Briggs as a Boston landmark. Boston must have thousands of periodical visitors and acquaintances under fifty years old to whom Richard Briggs and his china store were as much a feature of the town as the Old South Church. I know of a school-boy of twenty years ago who was taken into Briggs's in the early seventies and casually introduced to the proprietor. In his more recent pilgrimages to the Puritan capital he has always found two people who reminded him of the Boston of his boyhood. One has been a head waiter at the Parker House who has been a waiter at that hostelry for twenty-five years, and the other was the genial china merchant on the corner of School Street. To this person Mr. Briggs always looked precisely as he looked in the year 1871, and seemed quite as unimpaired in courtesy as in appearance. I suspect he did not spend his life among porcelains without catching some of the qualities of his wares. Certainly he was as bland and picturesque and delightful, and seemed as durable, as the best things on his shelves.

No species of the finny tribe is in it at all with the contemporary racing-yacht. The details of construction of the pre-Adamite marine monsters have been very imperfectly preserved, and it will probably be impossible ever to determine just how great fins grew in the old, old times. The finniest thing on record, beyond all question, is the Boston sloop *Pilgrim*, with a draught of 22.6.

Miss Mary Harrison, government inspector of cookery in elementary schools in England, advocates in the *Nineteenth Century* the establishment of training institutes where girls who have already learned something about cookery in English elementary schools may perfect themselves in that profession. Miss Harrison says that there are schools of cookery in most large towns now, but that they attempt to teach cookery in one year, which is too short a time. She wants training institutes that will give three-year courses, and graduate cooks that will really have formed habits of justifiable cooking. She does not believe in the alleged contemporary dislike for domestic service, but thinks that if there were facilities for learning how to cook, many mothers would have their daughters trained to that business in preference to dress-making or factory work.

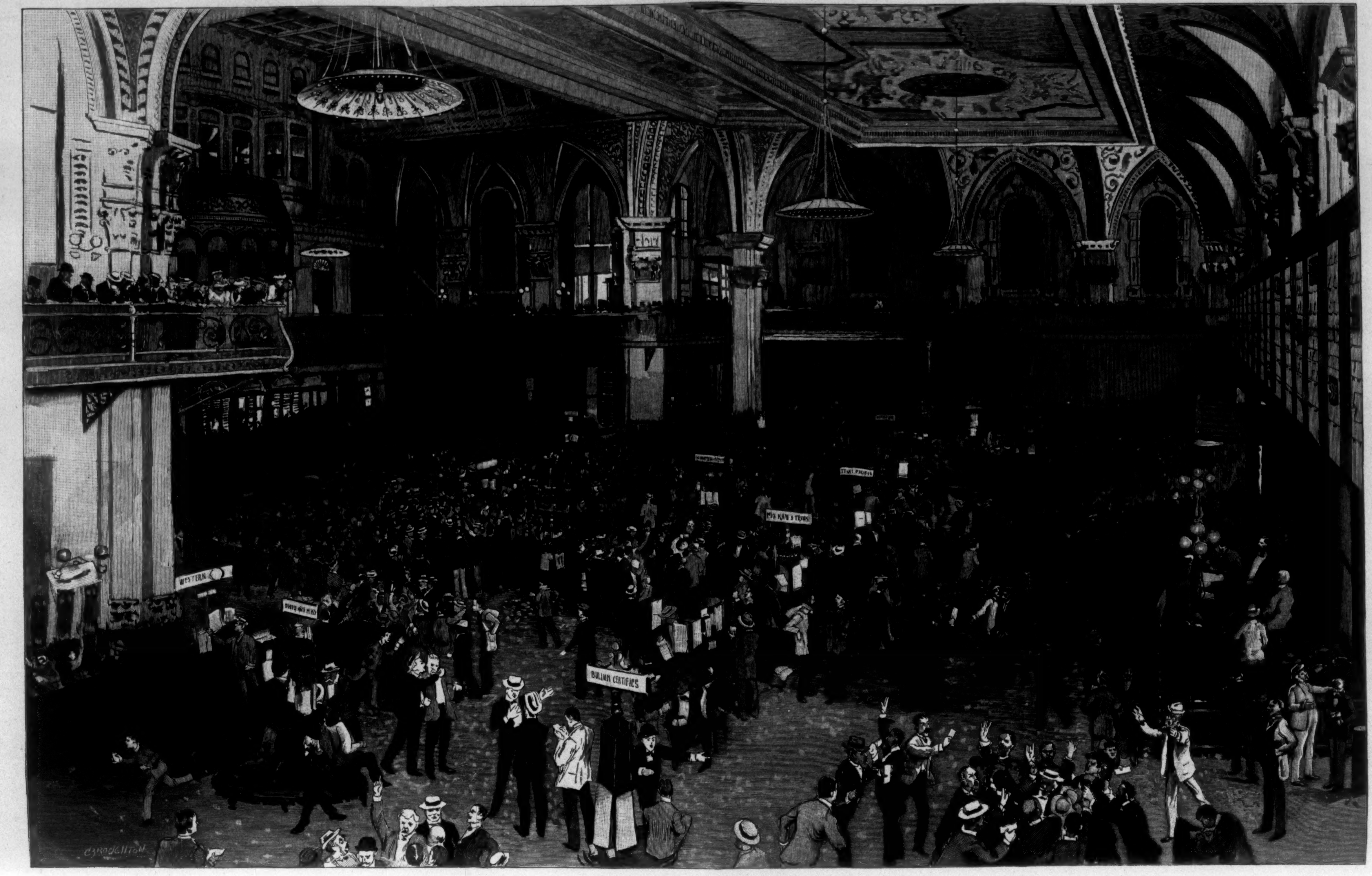
It does not appear why Miss Harrison's ideas are not practicable, provided that any one can be found who will carry them out. If Mr. Auchmuty could establish in New York schools where boys can learn to be masons and carpenters, is there any sound reason why schools should not be started where girls can learn to be cooks? In this country, and in this generation at least, the notion that it is not worth while to teach a girl to earn her living to advantage is past. If men have been found to endow schools that taught mere mason-work and joinery, how much easier it would naturally seem to be to get due provision made for instruction in an art so near the heart of man as the preparation of his food. Any kind of knowledge is power. The sword is mighty in hands that know how to wield it, and so is the pen; but in the presence of the saucepan the sword becomes a mere knife and the pen a fork, provided always that the pan-handle is in a grasp that knows the secrets of its business.

E. S. MARTIN.


"Ladies day" types
E W Kemble
"I always likes me smoke after me bath"
"Come out, all er yez"
"Now dey'll have ter let me in"

THE SWIMMING SEASON.

Some of the Frequenters of a New York Public Bath.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.—[See Page 766.]


C. BROUGHTON
WESTERN
BULLION CERTIFICS
MO. KAN & TEXAS
TEXAS PACIFIC

THE RECENT FLURRY IN WALL STREET—A BUSY MORNING IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA.

The life of George Clement Perkins, recently appointed by the Governor of California to succeed the late Leland Stanford in the United States Senate, reads almost like a romance of the good old-fashioned kind. He was born in Kennebunkport, Maine, August 23, 1839, and when twelve years old concealed himself aboard a vessel called the *Golden Eagle*, bound for New Orleans. His presence was not discovered until the vessel was at sea, and he then became one of the crew. For the next four years the future Senator followed a sailor's life, and landing then at San Francisco, he again became a landsman, working in various places as miner and also teamster. Going to Oroville, he entered a store as porter, then became a clerk, and finally rose to the position of part proprietor. His business flourished, and in time became worth half a million a year. Meanwhile Mr. Perkins was interested in many outside ventures, including mining, lumbering, and sheep and cattle ranches. With others he established the Bank of Butte, and encountered the trials that afflicted so many business men in the years following the war. In 1872 he settled in San Francisco, becoming a member of a small firm that has since grown to be the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, possessing a fleet of steamers which ply from Alaska to Mexico. Lucky investments, aided by clear business acumen, have furthered the fortunes of Mr. Perkins, until to-day he is accounted a wealthy man.

Outside of his business, however, Mr. Perkins has long been interested in politics. He has been always a strong Republican, and first voted for President Lincoln. In 1869 he was elected to the State Senate of California from Butte County, and returned in 1873 to fill part of a term.

Mr. Perkins received the Republican nomination for Governor of his adopted State in 1879, and was elected over three other candidates. His administration was a strong and able one, and gained him the confidence of his fellow-men. In addition to these offices he has been connected with many political committees, reaching as far back as 1867, so the new United States Senator is fully acquainted with all the minutiæ of organization and parliamentary procedure.

Senator Perkins is a resident of Alameda County, and is thoroughly a home man. He has three daughters and a son, the latter now receiving a course at Annapolis. The Senator is distinctly an American type, having risen from sailor-boy to the highest positions that can be offered by the State, and, like so many men renowned in the history of our country, owing all success to his own unaided efforts.

THE MIDSUMMER PLUNGE.

"This is the best thing New York ever done."

Such was the remark that a policeman made to the writer when the latter paid a visit of observation to the free bath-house off the Battery Park at the lower end of the city. The remark of the policeman showed that he had a good heart, even though he was a trifle weak in his grammar. Had he been a surly fellow, he would have seen no good in the institution, for he has to keep all of his wits alert as long as his watch lasts. This necessity is due to the fact that the boys who frequent the baths appreciate their worth as highly as the policeman, and the majority of them are ambitious to take a plunge at least once an hour. One of the rules is that no person shall go into the bath more than once in a day; another stipulates that a bather may only stay twenty minutes in the water. Now twenty minutes in the cool water is all too short for the average boy, but there is very little chance for him to stay in much longer at one time. When the bath is full, the entrance gate is closed. Twenty minutes after this a bell is rung, and all the bathers must come out, put on their clothes, and leave the house. The insatiable small bather, when he reaches the street, begins plans to circumvent the watchful officer. It is not long before his hair is dry, because your street boy in New York wears in the summer-time as nearly no hair as possible. Then he smears his bare feet and legs with dirt, and in the same operation soils both hands and arms. In half an hour he looks as though he had never had a bath in his life, and, so disguised, he slips through the gates every hour or so all day long. The good-natured policeman knows that he is being imposed on, but does not take that fact seriously to heart. Another rule, however, is very rigidly enforced—that against permitting spectators in the bath-house. "The place would be filled with hayseeds from morning till night," the officer said, in explanation of the necessity for this rule.

These free baths, now eighteen in number, were started years ago, and they have been extended on both sides of town. It is a pity indeed that there are not many more of them, for there are many crowded parts of the city so distant from a bath that the people in such neighborhoods never think of taking a plunge, even when the dog-days are at their worst. The rules stipulate that the houses shall be open on week-days from five in the morning till nine in the evening, and on Sundays for men from five in the morning till mid-day. The women and girls have the exclusive privileges of the baths on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The other four days are for men and boys. But after six in the evening neither boys nor girls are permitted in the baths. As to bathing dresses the rules are not particular. A man or boy in trunks, usually made of an old pair of trousers shorn of legs, is sufficiently clothed, and a woman in a calico wrapper is stylishly enough arrayed to defy the criticism of her fellow-bathers. The depth of the baths is so arranged that the plunge can be taken in entire safety. Three-fourths of the space is four feet deep, and the other fourth, separated by a railing from the larger pool, is only two feet deep, and here the little fellows who have not learned to swim can splash and flounder to their hearts' delight.

VILLAGE NOTES.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

After ten years of hard work in New York I concluded, some three years ago, to retire to the country. I looked about me very carefully before selecting a place. I rejected the idea of a home in a suburban town, because I had come to believe long before that those towns afforded all the disadvantages of both city and country, and few of the advantages of either. A beautiful town of about ten thousand inhabitants took my wife's fancy, and we went there for a short sojourn to see whether it was the exceptional place. We were told, however, that every one in town knew what every one else was to have for dinner, and concluded that that was not the place in which we could find the modest happiness we sought. Our search for the proper place in which to settle was as long as that of Mr. and Mrs. March when they moved from Boston to New York and wished to rent a furnished apartment. I shall not, however, imitate Mr. Howells and record all the little details of the hunt, even though some of the experiences were most interesting to us. But we found a place at last in the little village of Nearbye, thirty miles from New York and seven miles from the nearest railway station. Here we bought a neat little cottage and a bit of land, and we were in the very country itself. We were high in the hills, and undisturbed by that almost universal pest, the Jersey mosquito. From a neighboring hill on a clear day we could see the harbor of New York in one direction, and in another the Delaware Water Gap, some twenty-five miles to the west. From this point of vantage a magnificent panorama was unfolded. Ranges of green hills rose one above the other in such symmetrical groups that they were called mountains, and their beauty, if not their altitude, deserved the courtesy of such an appellation. In the valleys and on the hill-sides little villages nestled cozily and quietly amid the trees, and in each one a white church spire rose above the houses and trees, and stood like a watchful sentinel on guard. Remoteness from a railroad is probably the reason that the people in and about Nearbye have preserved the primitive methods of life of their fathers and grandfathers.

For a little while during the summer a few people from the city wander into the hills, and board with the farmers and at one or two of the houses in the village. At this time Nearbye burnishes itself up a little, but a very little. Along the two or three quiet streets, in the evenings during the summer, young ladies walk up and down for exercise. The villagers only look on, but the young village girls pay the sincere flattery of imitation by fashioning their new dresses as nearly like those of the city boarders as rural skill will admit. City men don't appear even in summer to any extent. The place is too inaccessible, too far away from business. The city fashions for men are certainly not imitated, and I have often wondered where the remarkable garments I see about me were made. I am sure that the most of them are constructed at home by the thrifty housewives. While speaking of the appearance of the men, I may mention a fact which I had noticed for a long time, but had not inquired into until the other day. On Sunday at church the men all look particularly clean and neat, and the contrast between them on that day and any other is most striking. A little while ago there was a church meeting one Tuesday afternoon, and I was beguiled into going. There were a dozen or more clergymen present, and all of the farmers from the surrounding country. The countrymen did not look clean and neat. Are they in their working clothes? I asked myself. No; the remarkable garments made for Sunday were on review. But still the farmers looked poorly groomed. Is it, I again asked myself, the sleek and glossy smirkiness of these parsons which makes my friends look so unkempt? That surely was not it, for I defy a whole presbytery to shine more brightly than a church full of Jersey country folk when the regular time comes for service on Sunday morning. I pondered deeply, but was obliged to go to the village doctor to learn the reason for the difference. He laughed heartily when I asked him my question, and informed me that there was in every household in the neighborhood much preparation every Saturday night for the next day. This preparation not only consisted of brushing boots and clothes, but in shaving very closely, and a bath in almost boiling soapsuds. Thus were they cleaned up for the holiday, and thus was that very striking polish put on which had excited my admiration. The church meeting I referred to had been held on a Tuesday, and the polish from Saturday night had so rubbed off that the Sunday clothes alone could not give to the wearers the proper holiday look. The doctor assured me that it never would have occurred to any of these men to have taken a bath and a shave for a mid-week festival.

While speaking of the appearance of the men at church, I had as well mention another subject in connection with religious worship, that is the singing in the services. In my little village there are five churches, and each of them has a respectably large congregation. The singing in each of them, however, seems worse than in all the rest. I forget from time to time how bad it is at any particular church. I attribute this to the custom of having choirs to do the singing for the congregations. In music, as in other things, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and the members of these various choirs just have knowledge enough to be ambitious to do things way out of their reach. The average man and woman, however untrained, can carry a simple tune, and if these congregations each made its own music, I believe the effect would not be nearly so discordant as it is at present. In one of the churches there is a quartet and a cornet to help the organist. The soprano, the contralto, the tenor, and the barytone, ten seconds after they get started with a tune, is each one going it alone, lickity-split, and just when they seem on the point of getting again somewhere near together the cornet toots out in a shrill protest that the singers are having too long an inning, and then the organ grumbles and groans that it is not having a fair show in the performance. It is awful music, and has in it about as much harmony as you would hear in a Chinese theatre in Mott Street. How such a pernicious custom should have been adopted by such people I can't find out, but I fancy it is due to the singing-schools which now and again are started in the neighborhood by itinerant music teachers.

The old-fashioned village and farm houses are roomy enough, but—always with the exception of the kitchen, which also answers the purpose of dining-room and sitting-room—they seem tightly closed, to keep out the air and the light. This is doubtless to prevent the trouble of cleaning. The effect, however, is most unpleasant. When you need to see any of the country people, the best and most expeditious plan is to go directly to the kitchen. At the door you can transact what business you choose without any delay. If you ring at the front door, there is always a long delay—the housewife is taking off her apron and smoothing her hair—and then you hear the bolts drawn and the key turned with a grating sound. You are invited into a dark parlor, the air of which is cold and damp and stuffy. The good-woman who receives you is embarrassed by her surroundings, and you feel yourself uneasy and uncomfortable. At the kitchen door you could have explained your errand with much more satisfaction. The only difficulty about kitchen-door visits is that the villagers let you set the example as to calling. If you call at their kitchen doors, they likewise call at yours. I have a prejudice, a foolish one, perhaps, against transacting my business in my kitchen. I shall probably do well to get over it, however.

When the day's work is over, or when it rains, and working in the fields is not practicable, the men gather at the village stores and discuss the various subjects interesting to them. The crops, the bad roads, the probabilities of a railroad, and the change in the climate are stock subjects for discussion, but what they talk about most of all is one another. They are gossips, untiring gossips. Every man knows everything about everybody else, and the affairs of the men and women in the neighborhood are canvassed with a freedom only equalled, in my experience, by some of the talk I have sometimes heard in the smoking-room of a New York club when deep draughts had been indulged in. I have often wondered what kept these people from quarrelling with each other, for when they are together they seem friendly enough. They unquestionably spend much of their idle time in saying ill-natured things of one another, but it cannot be that the remarks made at the stores ever reach those at whom they are directed. I conclude this because they never come to blows, and because I have failed yet to find the man who did not console himself in the futile belief that while he knew everything about all the affairs of all of his neighbors, no one knew anything of his business. His was the only secure stone house in the neighborhood; the others were all of glass. My wife and myself often laugh at the speculations which we know are made as to us and our affairs. We are sure that they get lots of fun out of us, and I sometimes suspect that when they see us four or five miles from home, and walking, that they have doubts as to our sanity. They are welcome, I am sure, if our affairs can add anything to the gayety of their life.

The first thing almost that one notices in coming into the particular part of New Jersey in which I live is the wretchedness of the roads. This is not peculiar to my neighborhood at all, but prevails pretty nearly all over the State, and over the country too, except with rare exceptions. The amount of money appropriated for roads is adequate enough, but the way it is spent is most scandalous. In the first place, every tax-payer is permitted by law to work out his tax on the road, and he is permitted to do this at a higher rate of wage than any individual ever pays. The very old men always work out their tax, and they always set the pace for the gang of road-workers. The overseer is to a great extent powerless to accomplish any reform, as he does not have the opportunity to spend any actual money. He must do the best he can with these veterans who report for duty. The result is that all the washings from the fields into the ditches on each side of a road are put into the middle of the roadway, and there the muck stays until the kindly rains wash it back again into the ditches. The people know that the roads are bad. They confess that much; but when a method of improvement is suggested, the reformer is met with fierce opposition.

INTERNATIONAL YACHT CUPS.

Besides the *America's* Cup, which is known so well, and must always be regarded as the supreme trophy, there are three other cups for international racing—the Brenton Reef and Cape May challenge cups, and the Royal Victoria Yacht Club International Challenge Cup. All these are brought before the yachting world with particular prominence by the presence of the American yacht *Navahoe* in British water. Since *Genesta* carried both the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups over to England, in 1885, there has been no American challenger until Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll this year determined to have a try at winning them back, and no American yacht has ever sailed for the Victoria Cup, which was offered for the first time two years ago. Both the American cups, Cape May and Brenton Reef, were given to the New York Yacht Club in 1872 by James Gordon Bennett, at that time Commodore of the club, as perpetual challenge trophies. Twenty years ago these cups were considered very elaborate, and were at that time Tiffany & Co.'s best production. The record of the Cape May and Brenton Reef races is as follows:

THE CAPE MAY CUP.

October 10, '72.—Won by schooner *Dreadnaught*, 25 h. 5 m. 40 s., A. B. Stockwell, from schooner *Palmer*, 26 h. 45 m. 5 s., R. Stuyvesant.

October 10, '73.—Won by schooner *Enchantress*, J. F. Loubet, from *Dreadnaught*, by default.

September 4, '77.—Won by schooner *Idler*, 40 h. 35 m. 10 s., S. J. Colgate, from schooners *Dreadnaught*, C. J. Osborn; *Rambler*, 43 h. 3 m. 39 s., W. H. Thomas; and *Vesta*, 44 h. 34 m., S. M. Mills.

September 26, '85.—Won by cutter *Genesta*, 42 h. 11 m. 55 s., Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., from *Dauntless*, 59 h. 20 m., Caldwell H. Colt.

The course for these races was from an imaginary line between the judge's steamer and Buoy No. 5, off Sandy Hook, to and around the Five Fathom Light-ship, off Cape May, leaving it on the port or starboard hand at will, and back to Sandy Hook Light-ship, passing the same to the southward and eastward within one hundred yards distance.

August 14-15, '86.—Won by cutter *Irex*, 27 h. 10 m. 28 s., J. Jameson, from *Genesta*, 30 h. 57 m. 54 s., Sir Richard Sutton.

September 12, '89.—Won by yawl *Wendur*, 38 h. 25 m., T. B. C. West, from *Irex*, by default.

The races in 1886 and 1889 were from Cowes around the Cherbourg breakwater and back, distance 144 miles.

This year *Wendur* drew out in favor of *Valkyrie*.

BRENTON REEF CUP.

July 25, '72.—Won by schooner *Madeline*, Jacob Voorhies, Jun., from schooner *Rambler*, J. M. Forbes.

September 19, '73.—Won by *Rambler*, 43 h. 25 m. 32 s., from *Madeline*, 47 h. 18 m. 41 s.

July 26, '76.—Won by schooner *Idler*, 32 h. 18 m. 16 s., S. J. Colgate, from schooners *America* (the old sloop made into a two-sticker), B. F. Butler; *Wanderer*, 34 h. 28 m. 51 s., James Stillman; *Tidal Wave*, W. Voorhies; *Countess of Dufferin*, Major C. Gifford.

September 21, '85.—Won by cutter *Genesta*, 48 h. 19 m. 40 s., Sir Richard Sutton, from schooner *Dauntless*, Caldwell H. Colt.

August 14-15, '86.—Won by cutter *Irex*, J. Jameson, from *Genesta*.

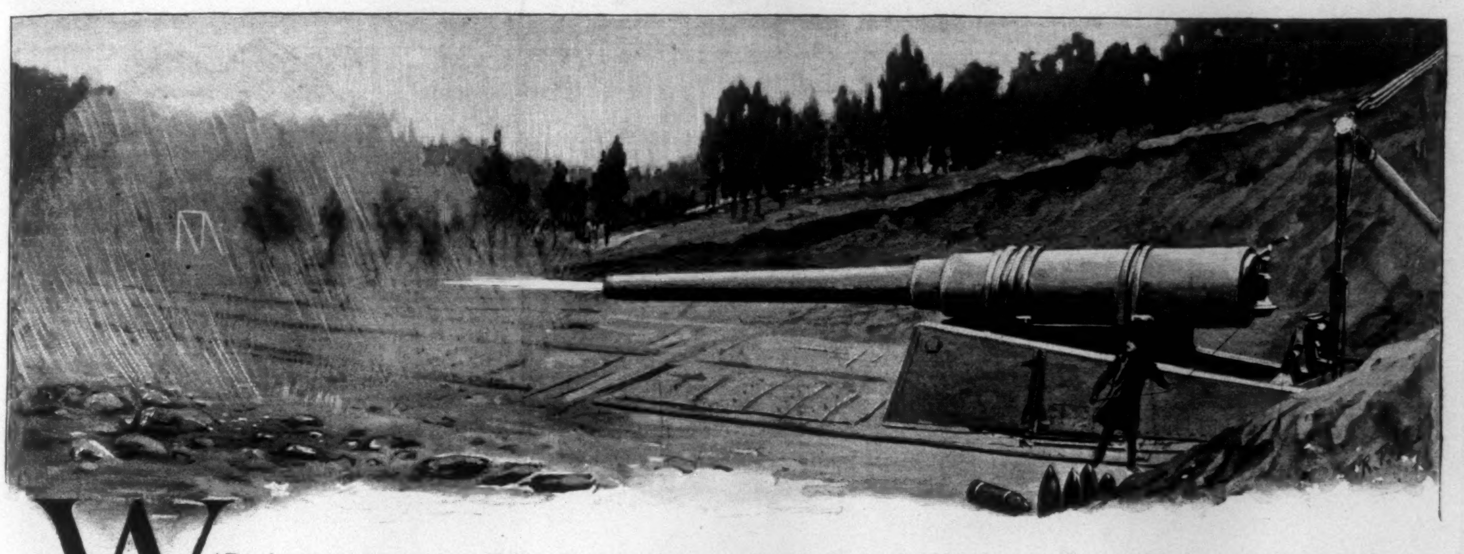
The '86 race was from Cowes around Cherbourg breakwater, 144 miles. The other races were on a course from the light-ship off Newport, to and around the light-ship off Sandy Hook, and outside of Long Island, and return.

These cups may be held for thirty days after the race without liability to challenge, after that the holder must be prepared to sail a race over the same course within fifteen days of challenge. Winning the cup two consecutive races in one season exempts the boat from challenge until the following year.

The Royal Victoria Cup, valued at $2500, is also a perpetual challenge cup, the best three out of five races to decide the winner, and the course of each match to be not less than thirty-five knots.

OFFICIAL AND SOCIAL LIFE OF THE ARMY AND NAVY IN WASHINGTON.

BY RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM.



WAR! the tramp, tramp of marching infantry, the clatter and sputter of iron-shod hoofs, the rumble and roar of gun-carriage and caisson! camps and barracks in the public squares, the smoke of bivouac fires in all the country around, the lines of ambulances, the wounded and the sick, the muffled drum-roll and sobbing fife-wail of the dead-march, the proud clangor and blare of the trumpet! the rush of orderlies and despatch-bearers, the gleam of the sentry's bayonet, the coming and going by day and by night, the wild exultation of victory, the gloom of defeat and disaster, the thunder of the enemy's guns at the very gates of the capital, proud Washington, where beat the great heart of the nation in desperate struggle for life! War! awful war, glorious war, for four anxious years, until those last grandest days of all, when in serried ranks of dingy blue, travel-worn, war-stained, the battle-torn remnants of their standards fluttering over them, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Hancock, and Schofield, Merritt, McKenzie, Custer, and a hundred more like them, riding at the head of their veterans, the victorious armies of the Union, proudly "passing in review" for the last time, marched through the thronged streets of the long-suffering city, and vanished forever into history.

Nearly thirty years have come and gone, and Washington shows but little sign of the "dark days" of '61 to '65. Broad, splendidly paved, well-kept streets lined with shade trees are there in strong contrast with cobble-stoned thoroughfares, deep-rutted with the heavy wheels of artillery and provision trains. Where soldiers once bivouacked now stretches square on square of handsome houses, and public gardens beautifully adorned with trees and flowers, shrubs and semitropical plants, take the place of barrack and hospital. But seldom is the sound of martial music heard in the quiet streets, and only now and then does the rare sight of brilliant uniforms near the White House on the occasion of some official reception or function remind the observer that here in Washington is the centre of the whole machinery that controls, manages, provides for, and maintains the fighting force, by sea and by land, of the greatest and most powerful of republics. There is very little of military character about the huge granite building which rises story on story above the surrounding houses on Pennsylvania Avenue, and is separated from the beautiful grounds of the Executive Mansion by the broad street running down to the handsome stretch of park land where the tall shaft of the Washington Monument points skyward. One looks in vain for the aiguilletted staff-officers, the pacing sentinels, the groups of mounted orderlies, so familiar to every one who has visited any of the great European capitals, and the old brass cannon, trophies of war, lying, dismounted and forever voiceless, at the head of the broad flight of steps leading to the entrance of the War Department, and the huge old anchors at the main doorway of the Navy Department, are about the only indications that inside the building are located the Navy and War departments—the headquarters of the army and the various staff bureaus of both services. The same simplicity, the same absence of military display, is evident within-doors, and but for the occasional groups of standards and trophies, a few glass cases of models of fire-arms near the offices of the Chief of Ordnance, other cases near the Quartermaster-General's office containing lay figures in the various uniforms of the army, and a few beautifully finished models of war-vessels in the halls of the Navy Department, there would seem to be but little difference in the general appearance of the long corridors, with the swinging doors of their offices, from that of any other building used for purposes of a wholly civil character. The clank of a scabbard or the ring of steel spurs on the marble flooring, in these "piping times of peace," is a most unusual sound. For all that, however, there is no mistaking the vocation of many of the men one meets with here. Men bred to the profession of arms never outgrow the habit of their uniforms, and with the soldier there is a certain erect carriage, a certain trick of wearing the hat, a certain buttoned-up air about his "cit" clothes, as he terms his civilian attire, and a sort of weather-beaten, open-air look about the sailor, however immaculate his costume may be, that betray the calling of both of them to one who has had the good fortune to be intimately associated with them. Although there is so marked an absence of military bustle, and so little evidence of the warlike nature of the business transacted, an enormous amount of work is carried on in both departments. Everything appertaining to the efficiency of either service, from the design and armament of a battle-ship down to the rowel on a cavalryman's spur, passes through one or the other of the numerous offices of the two services.

In the War Department, under the "supervision and direction" of the Secretary of War, the representative of the President as the head of the forces, the general commanding the army and the several branches of the department are charged with the administration of the military service.

Unlike the army, the navy, after the death of Admiral Porter, has had no officer exercising direct command over the service in general, all business of Uncle Sam's naval establishment being conducted through the bureaus and officers of the Navy Department, under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy. Each of these bureaus and divisions is under a chief, usually an officer of high rank, who has general charge of the duties performed there and in the various branches of his office.

Aside from the beautifully designed and finished models of war-ships—with every gun, bolt, rope, anchor, and the thousand details of a modern man-o'-war reproduced on a scale of infinitesimal reduction with marvellous exactitude and care—which are to be seen in the office of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, the Bureau of Ordnance furnishes in Washington and its immediate vicinity the most interesting field of observation to the layman, for here is conducted the manufacture of the magnificent ordnance, designed and constructed under the immediate supervision, not of specialists alone, but of line officers of the navy at large, the men who would be called upon to fight with the guns they themselves had produced. This bureau has charge of "the manufacture and purchase of offensive and defensive arms and apparatus, all ammunition, war explosives, torpedoes, and vessels for torpedo service." It tests and recommends the armor and armament of ships, and places the armament on board them. The ordnance shops are situated in the Navy-yard, and here again the absence of uniforms is especially noticeable, although there are a dozen or more officers immediately on duty in the gun factory. Perhaps it is from the fact that all of the nine hundred or thousand employés in the ordnance shops are civilians that here in the Navy-yard of the capital of the nation hardly a uniform is visible, and there is scarcely a sign about the place, with the exception of an occasional marine sentry, that it belongs to one of the military arms of the country.

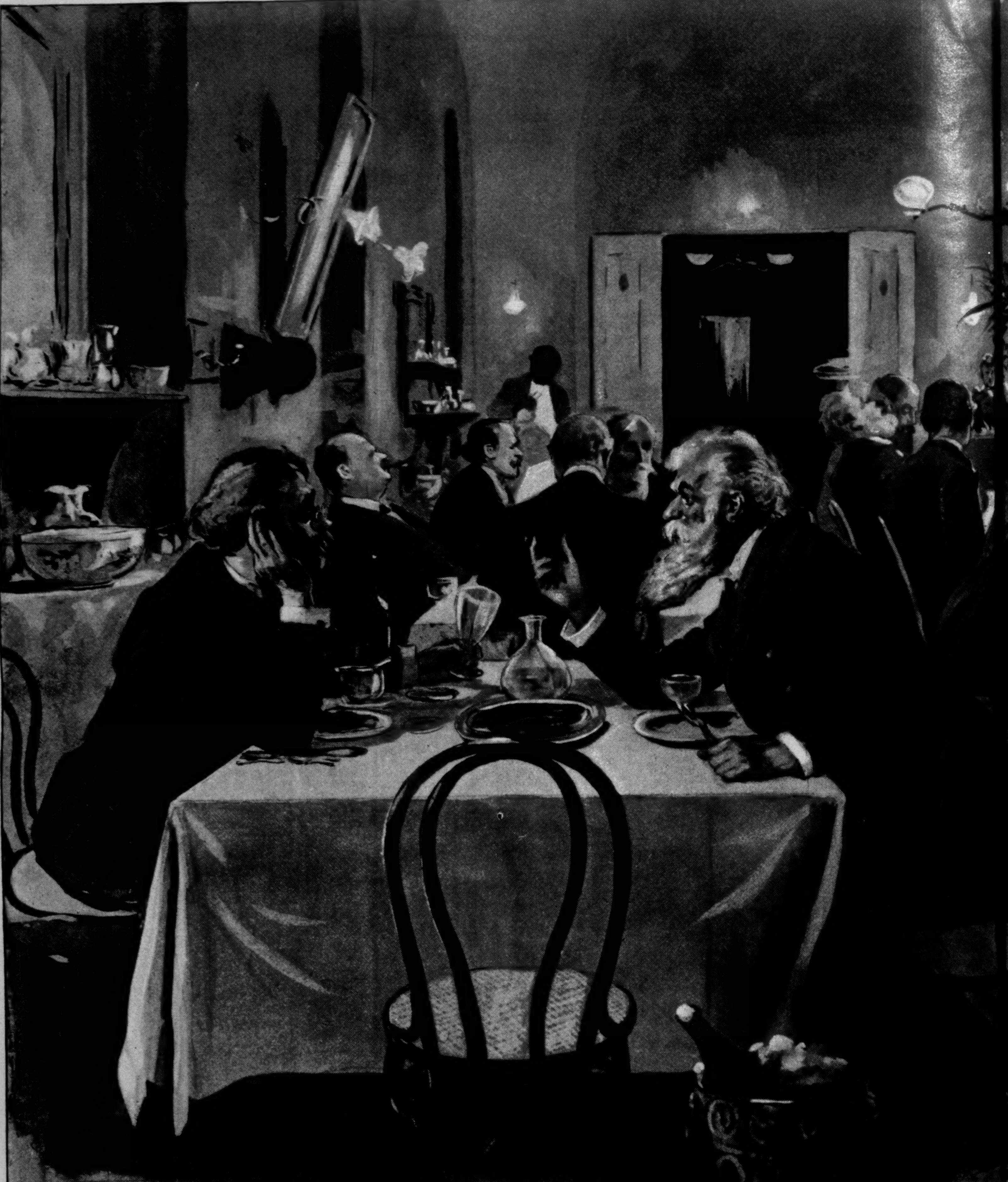
However, the guns are made in those long rows of buildings to our right as we walk down the broad road leading from the entrance of the yard, and there is a roar and clang of steel and iron, the buzz and hum of machinery, in the air. Girdled with railway tracks, the "yard" stretches to the water's edge, where, solitary and alone, an old wooden hulk, roofed over and moored to the wharf, all that remains of a once proud cruiser, is rotting peacefully away in the brackish waters of the Potomac. With clang of bell and puff of steam, a short, stumpy locomotive is crawling slowly over the lines, dragging behind it a long flat car, on which lies, ready for shipment, a huge steel tube, banded and rifled, and glittering with points of light thrown back in answer to the touch of the sun's bright rays. Inside the first building, the gun shop, all is life and bustle; huge cranes, running on supports extending over the entire width of the building, travel slowly along, carrying, suspended by enormous chains, cylindrical masses of steel, yards long and tons in weight, guns in various processes of construction. Great lathes hum and whir while the rifling-machines are slowly cutting into the hard metal of monster cannon. In pits below other monsters are being fitted with their great jackets of steel, which are heated and gradually shrunk upon the tube by the continuous flow of minute streams of cold water until it is impossible to detect the points of contact of the several pieces of metal. All about the shop the men, machinists with clear-cut intelligent American faces (92½ per cent. of the employés in the naval gun factory are native born), are busily engaged in various occupations, some directing a piece of ponderous but delicate machinery, others filing, cutting, or boring, while here and there, superintending and directing operations, are busy officers, some of them fresh from duty at sea, some of them on the eve of joining their ships.

The greatest success has attended the conception and construction of these shops, the buildings and machinery, the "whole outfit," to use a not very elegant but expressive Western term, being probably unsurpassed by anything of the kind the world over. Such has been the progressive character of the capacity for completing the most highly organized and best of modern ordnance that a gun—6-inch—which two years ago would have taken 144 days to complete is now turned out in 75 days; an 8-inch in 150 days, instead of 250; and a 10-inch gun in 205 days, instead of in 300; 4 and 5 inch rifles are constructed in 48 and 55 days respectively, and I am informed that it is quite within the bounds of possibility that a still further reduction of the time of production will be attained. The saving of expense can be readily understood; and when it is taken into consideration that the superintendence of this work is entirely in the hands of men executing these duties as capably and readily as they perform the regular routine aboard ship, too much cannot be said in praise of the ability and high order of intelligence of American naval officers.

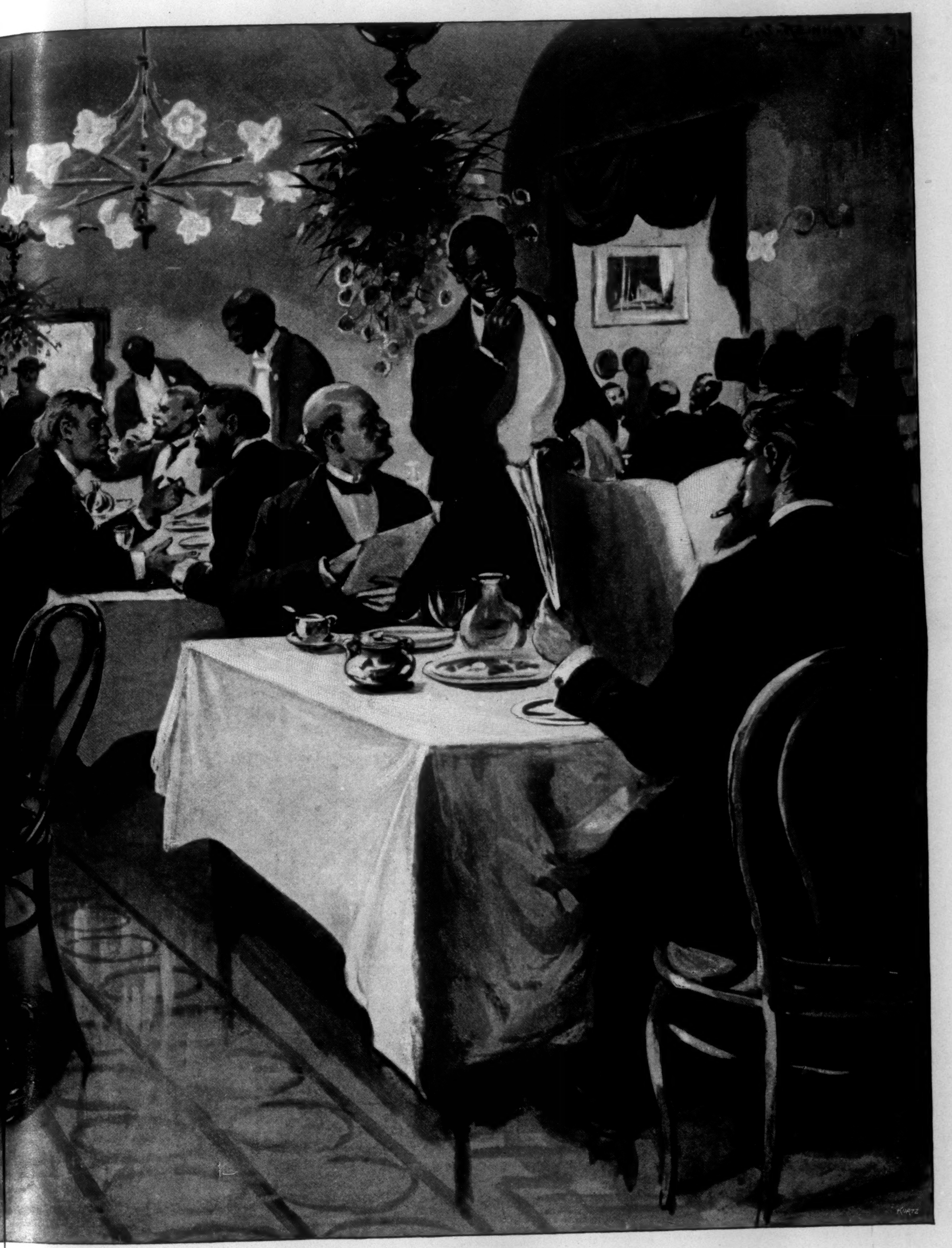
Guns having been made, a test of their efficiency is next in order. These tests, as well as the tests of armor-plating, projectiles, gunpowders, etc., take place at the "proving-grounds" at Annapolis, Maryland, and at Indian Head, on the Potomac, some thirty miles or so below Washington, and to the latter point, shown in the above illustration, I went one morning with the Chief of Ordnance. The rain was pouring down in sheets as our boat slowed up and made fast to the wooden pier at the proving-grounds and our little party stepped ashore. A bomb-proof to our right; in our front, a high bluff, tree-crowned, down the scarred sides of which the yellow soil, liquefied by the pouring rain, is sluggishly creeping to the level space below, where stand the monster guns. Mud, mud, mud, oozing up between the ties of the railway track, where the great crane is moved from place to place, splashing up on us at every step, and covering everything within its reach with a sticky custardlike plaster. Negro laborers in mud-bespattered clothes—clothes of all conceivable patterns and cut—and a few sailor-men, seamen (gunners, probably), stand about in groups; while two or three young officers, their clothing as muddy and soiled as any in the little crowd, advance to meet us. No time is lost in preparation for the test. To one side, opposite the guns, a large nickel-steel plate, 14 inches thick, backed and secured by heavy pieces of timber, behind which the earth is thrown up in a strong embankment, is to be the target for the huge 10-inch rifle that pushes its long tube and frowning muzzle out over the cast-iron platforms next to its greater mate, the 12-inch gun.

A hasty inspection is made of the plate, and moving back to the battery, we watch the loading of the great piece of ordnance, and note the ease with which the hydraulic rammer pushes the heavy steel projectile into the bore of the gun. Two sturdy negroes turn the crank of the breech mechanism, shutting the breech firmly; hastily we cram little bunches of tow into our ears, for the concussion of the air caused by the discharge of these tremendous cannon does not cause a pleasant sensation to the delicate organs of hearing. The young officer in charge makes his last inspection, glancing over the sights, turning a wheel here, adjusting a screw there, and we watch the proceedings with ever-growing interest. We are "making history" in a small way this morning, for in the coming contest between projectile and armor we are to witness the testing of the first plate of the armor of the first modern battle-ship to be constructed in the United States. "Seek shelter!" is the cry, and all hands scatter to the cover of the bomb-proofs, only the ensign in charge of the firing remaining outside, crouching down, lanyard in hand, under the mount of the 8-inch rifle. The chief beckons me to his side, and together we stand in the doorway of the bomb-proof, where I have a full view of the proceedings. An easy pull on the lanyard, a lightninglike flash, a deafening roar, a cloud of dun powder smoke, and the gun recoils gently back, sliding as easily and smoothly on the hydraulic mount as a child's boat on the waters of a duck pond. Great splashes of mud fall down on the platform in a shower as if from the sky. There is a moment's pause, and then all hasten to examine the target. The projectile has struck it full in the centre, leaving a perfect impression of its sharpened point in the hard steel several inches deep, and glowing hot as a furnace from the terrific force of the impact, but not penetrating through it, or cracking it in the slightest degree. The shell lies in the mud several feet away, where it has rebounded. Again the great gun is fired, and again the big plate resists the shot, this time breaking the shell clean in two. The third shot is supposed to be the hardest test of all, for this time we are to try an armor-piercing shell of American manufacture, a projectile claimed to have no superior in the quality of the steel of which it is made; and although, as we shall see, its trial proves all that is claimed for it, the nickel-steel plate is again victorious, the heavy shell rebounding directly back, striking the railway track, smashing a wooden sleeper into splinters, crashing on the plates of the platform with a clanging metallic boom, and finally falling in the mud at the base of the mount of the 12-inch gun, while a small piece of the shot, cut from its side by the force of the blow on the platform, rises in the air with a long-wailing shriek like a lost spirit doomed to eternal punishment. The tests have been most satisfactory in every way, and no plate manufactured in any foreign country has hitherto as successfully withstood a similar ordeal, American skill and American ingenuity once more taking the lead.

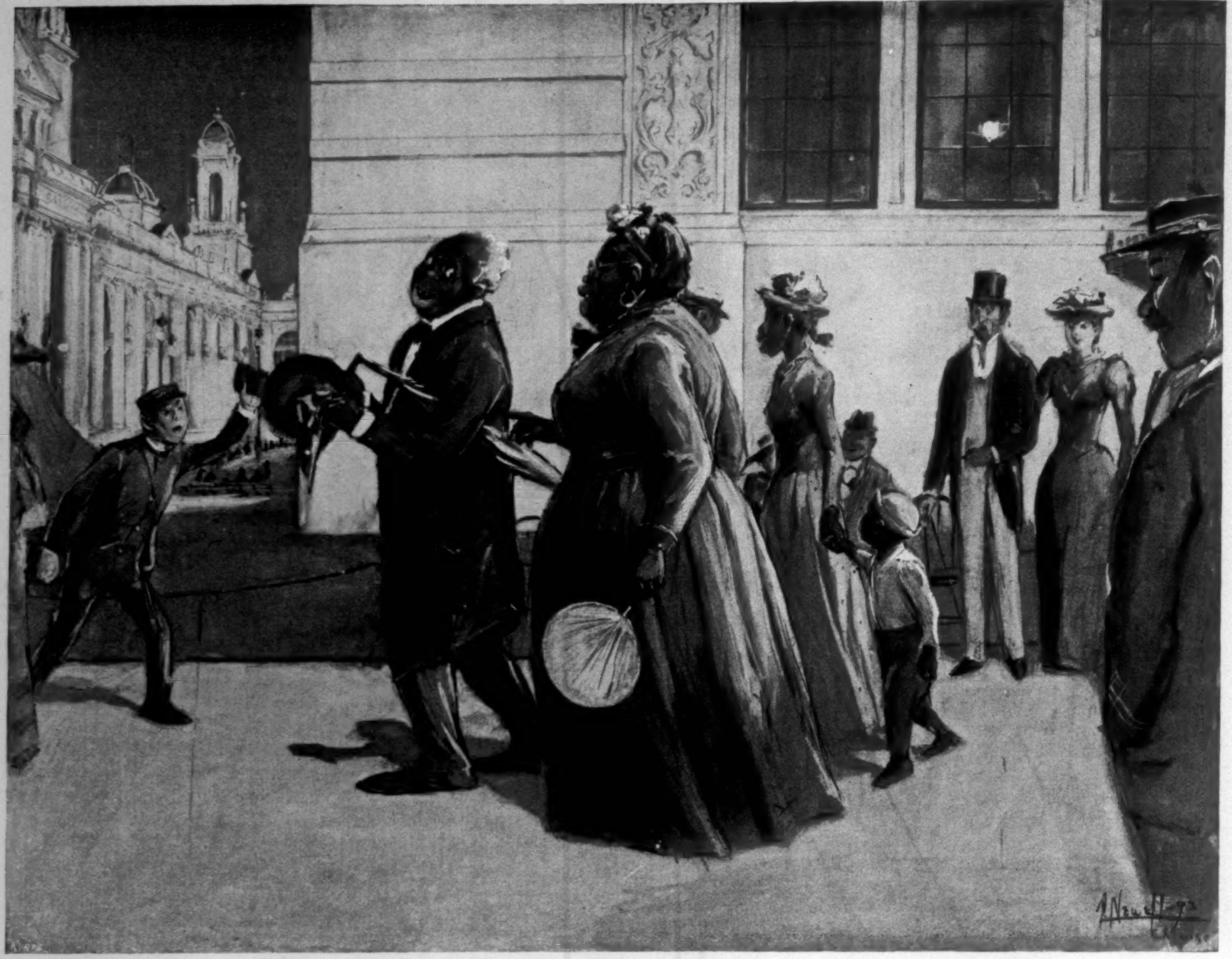
The troops of the army stationed in the capital have their lines cast in pleasant places. The Washington Barracks, garrisoned by several batteries of artillery, are most beautifully situated in well-kept, tree-covered grounds, running for a long distance along the banks of the Potomac. On any pleasant afternoon the post presents a bright and animated scene, curiously resembling a mingling of garrison life and that of some fashionable summer resort. Recall from drill has sounded some time ago, and the battalion, which has been marching and countermarching on the level parade for an hour or more, has dispersed, and some of the men are sitting or lounging in front of the long row of yellow barracks, from the open windows of which a cheery whistle, the snatch of a song, or vigorous swish of brush or whisk-broom betokens that others are at their evening toilet, removing the stains and marks of the hot drill, or preparing



IN THE RESTAURANT OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTAT



ATIVES, WASHINGTON.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 771.]



THE JOHNSON FAMILY VISIT JACKSON PARK IN THE EVENING.

MRS. JOHNSON. "WOT'S DAT MUSIC, EZWELL?"
MR. JOHNSON. "I S'POSE HIT'S DE FOUNTAINS PLAYIN'. I HYEAD SOME ONE SAY DEY'S GWAN PLAY DIS EVENIN'." (*They discover later that it was Sousa's Band.*)

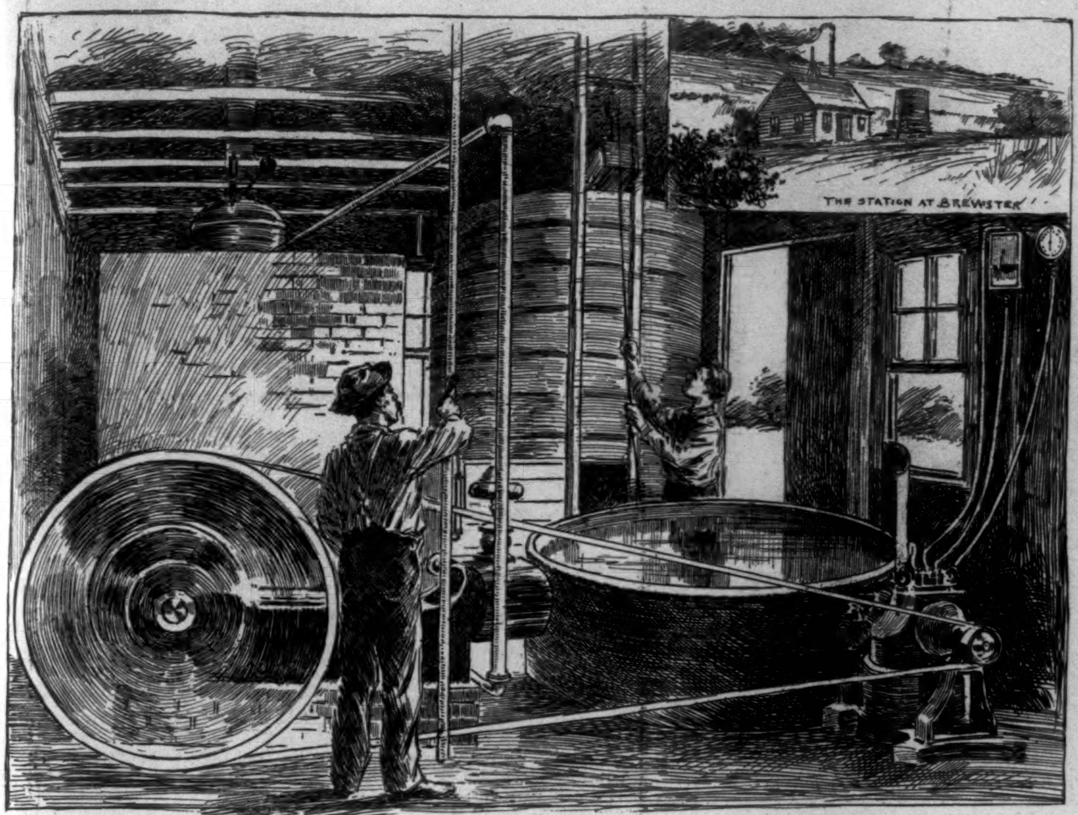
for a stroll to the town "on pass." Over by the stables the horses of the light battery are picketed, standing in a long row, awaiting patiently the call for "evening stables" and supper, and from the distant "battery drill-ground" an occasional cheer and clapping of hands indicate the progress of some game of ball among the soldiers. The band is playing under the shade of the trees on the parade, where prettily dressed children are chasing one another over its smooth lawnlike surface; ladies in breezy afternoon costumes escorted by officers in jaunty forage-caps and immaculate blouses, swinging their light canes in white-gloved hands, saunter along the brick-paved pathways; a carriage with coachman and footman in livery, high-stepping horses in glittering harness, and filled with callers from the city, rolls along the drive past the guard-house, where the sentry paces up and down, and the men of the guard are lounging in the shadow of the porch, while in a quiet corner of a piazza at the officers' quarters some bright-eyed army maid and shoulder-strapped youngster are absorbed in the enjoyment of "the old, old story."

But it is the young cavalryman, in civilization once more after long and arduous service, who for a time thoroughly enjoys his station in Washington. I say "for a time," for he is usually a restless creature, this brown-faced, keen-eyed, yellow-striped American dragoon, and his service has accustomed him to be moved from place to place in such a reckless fashion that he feels much like Jack ashore—neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring—if he be stationed too long in any one place. If he thinks, however, there is any cavalry post within sight of civilization more delightfully situated than is Fort Myer, directly opposite the city, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, he must be hard to please indeed. Some men will tell you that whether a post is pleasant or not depends on the commanding officer, but there are some stations, pleasant or otherwise, one cannot get away from, and Fort Myer is within easy riding distance of Washington. One of the great chain of earth-works constructed during the war for the defence of the capital, afterwards used as the headquarters and station of the Signal Corps, and taking its name from a former chief of that service, Fort Myer to-day shows but few traces of the strong work that once stood here. Facing the river and along a broad road run rows of comfortable quarters, and a lawn, smooth and green, stretches to the edge of the bluff, where the tall white flagstaff, the national colors waving at the peak, rises up against the sky. On the other side of the river, Washington lies spread out like a map at our feet. Directly in front of us is the high monument, now glowing rosy red in the rays of the afternoon sun, now changing in hue from base to summit as the clouds chase one another, casting alternate masses of brilliant light and purple shadow over the landscape. Beyond the buildings of the State and War departments, and the White House, with its beautiful grounds stretching to the river's brink, the city stretches, row on row of many-colored houses, broken everywhere by dense masses of foliage, until, softened by the distance, the huge dome of the Capitol looms up against the blue horizon. Back from the bluff inland, the barracks and stables, the big new riding-school, stand, and rolling away east, west, and south, in gentle undulations, a wide plain furnishes ample space for the evolutions of the mounted troops stationed here. I wonder whether the dainty, "stylishly" dressed ladies in the "break" there, or the handsome young civilian, rose in button-hole of his driving-coat, who has so deftly handled the ribbons from the box in the afternoon drive from town—I wonder, I say, whether they realize what these blue-clad troopers, whose manœuvres on the wide drill-ground they are watching with such apparently languid interest, have gone through on the far Western plains or burning Arizona deserts before being ordered here for a short time in slight recognition of hard service well and faithfully done. In this vast country of ours, with its millions of inhabitants, comparatively few people give a thought of what these gallant fellows and their comrades all through the service have accomplished for the nation at large—how since the close of the civil war the army has lost officers and men in one bloody action after another. With these very squadrons men are riding who but a little over a year ago were facing the savage foe in the bitter Dakota winter-time, where good friends and comrades of theirs had given up their lives or lay bleeding from their wounds, when over the rest of the land Christmas bells were ringing out, "On earth peace, good-will toward men!" But although bitter thoughts may fill his heart as pictures of the past crowd into his mind, the soldier, trained in the maxim of "cheerful obedience to legal orders even to the sacrifice of his own life," takes up the sword that his dead comrade has dropped, and steps into the vacant place in the ranks. Colors flying, trumpets sounding a quickstep, the battalion marches away from the newly made grave where the smoke of the parting volley still lingers, and so the young trooper, while always ready at the call of duty to follow in the footsteps of those who have "received the route" before him, gives little thought of the morrow, and lives gayly the life of the present. His duties here are light and altogether professional; there are the daily garrison routine, the company and battalion drills, an occasional court martial or board, but there is plenty of time for all the social delights of a city that seems destined to become the centre of the culture, refinement, and wealth of the United States.

Aside from the official "function" of New-Year's day, when the Chief Magistrate accepts the congratulations of the representatives of the several civic branches of the government, the army and navy officers, and the diplomatic corps, the semi-social, semi-official event of the "season" in military and naval circles is the reception given by the President to the two services. Then it is that all officers stationed at the capital, from the old white-haired general officers and admirals on the retired list to the youngest ensign or subaltern, don their full dress, and gather in the halls of the Executive Mansion to pay their respects to their host, the Commander-in-Chief. While the occasion is, as I have said, semi-official in character—for most officials would regard an invitation from the President as equivalent to an order—the presence of the ladies, the handsome toilets, the brilliant uniforms, the flowers and tropical plants scattered in profusion about the spacious rooms, the strains of music from the excellent band of the Marine Corps mingling with the hum of voices, all combine to make a picture of a phase of the social life of Washington which must be seen to be appreciated. While receptions, dinners, balls, and afternoon teas are "all the go" at the capital, as well as elsewhere where fashion rules, the social charm of the two services lies in the nature of the officers themselves. There is something about their professions that gives them a character of their own, and while mingling and associating with their civilian friends with the utmost cordiality and good-fellowship, there is an unconventionality both in manner and speech, a high-bred military courtesy, that mark them as men of a class by themselves, a class of men, taken as a whole, whose lives are freer from the sordid cares and temptations that beset most of us in our fight for existence in this hard matter-of-fact modern world, whose position as officers of the fleet or of the land forces is assured for life or good behavior—a fit and just compensation for the many sacrifices consequent to their professions—a class with a high sense of duty, of honor, of patriotism, handed down by tradition from one generation of brave men to another, and inculcated in their characters from the very moment of their entry into the service.

Many of the older officers, those on the retired list, have their homes in Washington; battered old heroes of other times, they are ending their days in peace and honor within sight and touch of the services they love so well. The walls of both the Metropolitan and Army and Navy clubs are hung with portraits of many of these veterans—Grant and Sheridan, Porter, Worden, Rodgers, and others—and daily in the pleasant corners of either resort these survivors of many a stirring scene by sea and land gather together for friendly chat and reminiscence of by-gone days. The Army and Navy Club is naturally the headquarters of the social life of both services; the club-house is a fine new building, most pleasantly and conveniently situated on Farragut Square, and from the bow-windows of the spacious rooms the bronze statue of the gallant old sailor can be seen facing the club, as if in greeting to comrades of his own and the new generation. Everything to make life pleasant is gathered within the walls of this building, and, with the true gallantry of soldiers and sailors the world over, one of the most spacious and handsome apartments of the house is placed at the disposal of those of the gentler sex who may be invited to honor the club by their presence. And following the unswerving custom of the services, "the latch-string hangs outside" the door of this most hospitable of clubs, although none but men who wear or have worn army or navy blue can be admitted to full membership.

Regardless of the lessons of history, the American people seem careless of all danger, and indifferent of the consequences of their neglect to provide adequately in time of peace for the bloody work of war. Nevertheless, although the army and navy do their work so quietly and unobtrusively as to be almost unobserved in the rush of political life in Washington, when the tocsin of danger peals out the value of that work will be apparent to the nation. Already twice within the year have distant lightning flashes of war glowed angrily on the political horizon; who can tell from whence or how soon the storm may burst?



PURIFYING CROTON WATER BY ELECTRICITY.—Drawn by Frank H. King.

PURIFYING THE WATER SUPPLY OF NEW YORK BY ELECTRICITY.

BY JOSEPH WETZLER.

The last fifteen years have produced so many and such important advances in the applications of electricity that the public is prepared for, and, indeed, is beginning to take almost as a matter of course, many things that before this modern era would have been regarded as marvels. With the telephone, the electric light, and the electric motor as *faits accomplis*, electricians are constantly looking for new fields to conquer, and not the least important effect of this ceaseless activity in electrical work is the stimulus which it has given to the application of the subtle fluid in other branches. Notable among these is the science of medicine, and it is much to the credit of American physicians that they have been among the first to appreciate and apply electricity as a therapeutic agent. Recent events, however, would seem to show that both the physician and the sanitarian will find in the electric current an aid of greater value than they have yet suspected or dared to hope for.

The general health of all is so intimately connected with the purity of the water consumed that intelligent communities the world over spare no effort and expense to make their water supplies as pure as possible. The dire results of neglect in this respect were only too well illustrated in the frightful cholera epidemic at Hamburg last year, which was traced directly to the pollution of the Elbe, the city's source of water supply.

The complaints which have of late been heard against the water of New York have led the health authorities, under Dr. Cyrus Edson, to devote special attention to the purification of the city's water, and their recent efforts in this direction bid fair to be crowned with success, and, what is more, to be followed as an example by the rest of the world.

On the principle that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, they resolved to disinfect the water supply of New York before it reached the distributing pipes. But how was such an enormous quantity as 160,000,000 gallons daily to be effectively treated at anything like a reasonable cost? The well-known agents, carbolic acid, chloride of lime, and bichloride of mercury were out of the question. At this juncture Mr. A. E. Woolf, a gentleman who had long experimented in electrical processes of various kinds, proposed the use of the electric current for the cheap production of a disinfectant, and after a thorough test the New York Board of Health has adopted his proposition.

The process is simplicity itself. It consists merely in passing the electric current through a solution of sea-water, or, where this is not available, through ordinary salt-water, and decomposing the salt solution. The hypochlorites formed in this way act powerfully on all organic matter, and have been shown to be effective in the destruction of cholera germs and other micro-organisms which give rise to so many diseases both in man and in animals, while at the same time counteracting the effects of the other noxious accompaniments of drinking water, such as the nitrites.

The first plant to carry out the Woolf system of disinfection was erected at Brewsters, a town some sixty miles from New York, and the results have proved so satisfactory that an additional disinfecting plant has just been put in operation near the Sodom storage reservoir, where 60,000,000 gallons will be treated daily; and a similar plant will be erected at the Kensico storage reservoir.

The electricity in these installations is generated by dynamos quite similar to those which furnish current for the familiar incandescent lamp, and the capacity of each will be about 24,000 gallons of disinfecting solution per day. It is estimated that the daily cost of operation of one of these stations will barely reach ten dollars.

At the Sodom reservoir the disinfecting solution, after being produced in the electrolyzing tank, is run off into the main outlet of the reservoir, and mixes with the water on its way to the city. Long before it reaches its destination, however, it has done its work of oxidizing and destroying the noxious germs and other deleterious ingredients, and its identity is completely lost, so that no trace of it can be found in the water as it runs from the domestic faucet.

We may add that the New York Board of Health has ordered a Woolf plant for the Willard Parker Hospital, where disinfecting solution will be made for all the hospitals and institutions under the control of that body. The Health Officer, Dr. Jenkins, has also ordered a plant with a capacity of 1000 gallons to be placed on the quarantine boat *Governor Flower*. We think we are not over-sanguine in stating our belief that the Woolf process of disinfection will go a long way towards solving one of the most important problems which have ever confronted the sanitarian, namely, cheap disinfection.

IN THE HOUSE RESTAURANT.

Downstairs in the House restaurant may be seen some of the most interesting sights at the Capitol. It is to the House restaurant in preference to that of the Senate that the seeker after fresh truths and deep meanings should make his way, for in the Senate restaurant he will not see the constituent and his wife enjoying the hospitality of his Congressman, nor the heeler seeking the reward of his activity with a modification of eagerness due to the eleemosynary viands of which he is partaking at the expense of his political debtor, nor the man who whispers.

Mr. Reinhart has made a picture of the man who whispers. Whispering is a great art in the halls of national legislation. When you look down from the gallery you will see groups of two scattered here and there about the House pouring words into one another's ears. They may be sitting at their desks, or they may be standing in the aisles with their arms clasped about one another. Whatever their attitudes they will whisper. The nature of the business of some men is of such a character that whispering becomes their forte. They depend on secrecy for their success, and become so accustomed to secrecy in the daily discharge of their duties that they go on whispering their way through life—whispering amid scenes of gayety and sadness, of business and pleasure, whispering as well when they have no conspiracy afoot as when they have.

The man at the table in the picture may be whispering about a scheme for which he is the lobbyist, or he may be whispering about the weather. It doesn't do to judge by appearances even in the House restaurant. There are stray moments in the life of every man who lives by putting his own cunning into partnership with the dulness of others when he does innocent things and speaks harmless words. He may do the one craftily and the other in whispers, but that is to be charged to his general character, and any inference derogatory to the speech or act of the moment may do the innocent thing an injustice, although it may do, it is true, no injustice whatever to him who speaks or does.

The restaurant of the House is naturally a place where a good deal of political business is transacted, just as restaurants generally in busy quarters of busy cities are adjuncts to the offices and stores of professional men and merchants. An astute lobbyist will not ask a member to lunch, nor would an experienced Congressman accept an invitation from such a man, even with the assurance that no business was to be talked about. Not an inconsiderable sum of money is made in Washington by the reputation gained by some prescient people from being constantly seen in the society of leading Senators and Representatives. There is a pleasant story told of Stephen A. Douglas and a near friend, who was not then king of money, however.

"Bev," said the aspirant, "when I am President, what can I do for you?"

"Only one thing, Steve. I don't want any office."

"What is it, Bev?"

"Just put your arm around me some day when there is a crowd about and call me Bev."

There are lobbyists at Washington who know the value of this sort of familiarity on the part of great men, and to whom it would be a large capital if they could induce certain Congressmen to lunch with them in the House restaurant. The best they can do, however, is to lay in wait for their quarry, so that when he quits the restaurant, presumably in good humor, they may capture him in the corridors and walk with him to the elevator.

The restaurant is usually a good place to get news, not that a Washington correspondent would be rude enough to intrude upon the feasting hour; but very often a member who has something to say and is willing to say it prefers to say it over his luncheon, and is glad of the society of the correspondent of his home newspaper. There are Congressmen, too, who look upon the restaurant as the best place in Washington to entertain their constituents, and there are others, astute men of the world, who ask troublesome visitors from home to partake of the hospitality that can be purchased in the basement of the Capitol, in order that they may do their social duty without interfering with the social prejudices of their domestic interiors.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

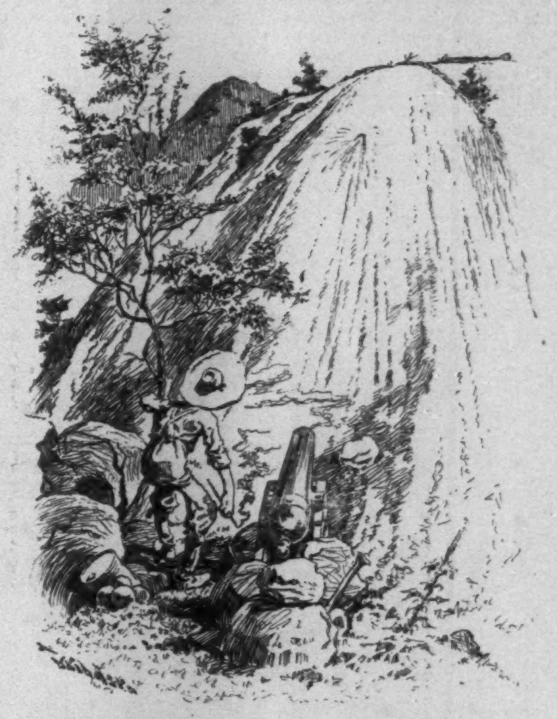
IX.—FARMING IN VERMONT.

A reference by the volatile Jackson Peters to a recent experience of a friend of his with an excited bull, which he had met while on a botanical excursion, had awakened a slight discussion as to the best course to pursue on such occasions. Robinson favored flight. Smith announced his adherence to the plan of luring on the excited animal with a red handkerchief, and then jabbing him severely in the side with his cane as he rushed past; but the possibility of the victim not always having a red handkerchief and a cane, and the probability of his not being able to use them if he did have them, being pointed out, Smith attempted gently to turn away the adverse criticism with the observation that he once knew a man who always carried a celluloid ear of corn in his pocket, which he would toss to the beast and escape while the guileless creature was making efforts to masticate it.

"Why not carry a gummy resinous ear, which would stick his jaws together, as Jones did those of the wolves?" asked Jackson Peters, with renewed interest.

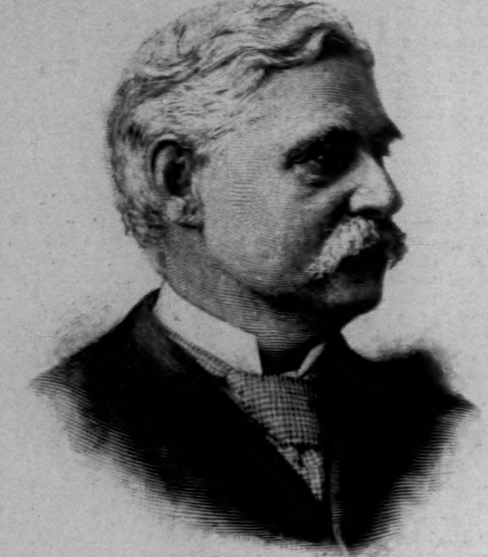
"Jackson," said Jones, now speaking for the first time since the subject came up, "your idea is very bright, and would be extremely useful if the bull was given to biting; but he is not. The common domestic bull, Jackson, does not use his fangs to seize his victim. The bull is not a carnivorous animal. Naturalists do not class him as a beast of prey. He does not range the forest and spring upon the belated traveller from a tree. The spectacle of the common agricultural bull bounding away to his lair with a man in his jaws would be new, and would attract the attention alike of the zoologist and of the Department of Agriculture. The bull, Jackson, even the trained Veragua bull, prefers to toss his subject with his horns, and he can do it as well with his jaws closed as open. You have made remarkable progress for a young man, Jackson, but you need to complete your education with a short course of natural history.

"Speaking of things appertaining to the farm," Jones continued, "reminds me that I have sometimes done something in the agricultural way myself. I have already told you of my experiences in Vermont at raising Christmas trees. I sank the profits of this, as you will remember, in my experiments at crossing the red willow and the common white birch in an effort to produce natural barber poles. I grew some good poles, but I found the plan too costly to be practical. The sheriff closed me out and left me without a cent. I tried the application of cantharides and bay-rum to sheep, in the hope of being able to shear them four times a year, but this too proved a failure. I was about to leave the State in disgust, when my attention was drawn to a neighboring tract of land on the side of one of the hills for which Vermont is noted. There were about two hundred acres in it, and it stood at an exact angle of fifty degrees. It was so steep that it had never been cultivated, and I bought it for fifty dollars. I went up on my farm some two hundred feet with scaling-ladders, and found it to be excellent wheat land. I determined to plough it and sow it to this kind of grain. I accordingly sent to Brattleboro and got a large brass cannon, used for Fourth-of-July celebrations. This I mounted at the lower edge of my farm, loaded it, and blazed away. The ball ricochetted and tore up the ground like a steam gang-plough. It struck the stone wall at the upper edge of my farm and rolled back, smoothing off the surface considerably. At the end of five days, gentlemen, I had my farm ploughed beautifully, at the expense of a few pounds of powder. Two days more sharp and decisive bombarding with paper shells charged with seed grain sowed my crop, which I harrowed in with grape and canister. You never saw wheat grow as that did. The soil was rich, and I had the largest yield of any man in the neighborhood." Jones stopped as if he had finished.

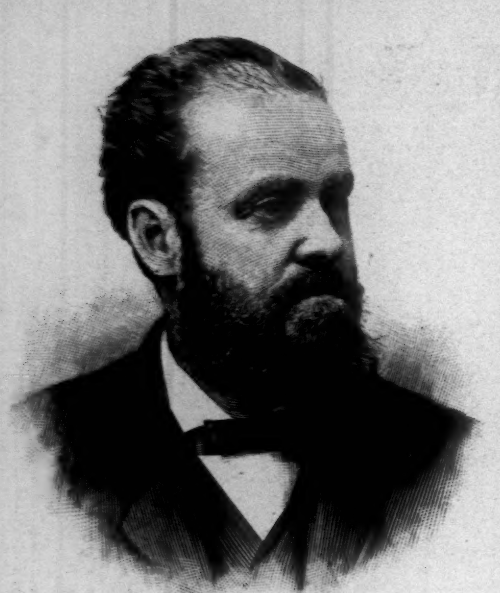


Said Robinson, "You harvested it with—"

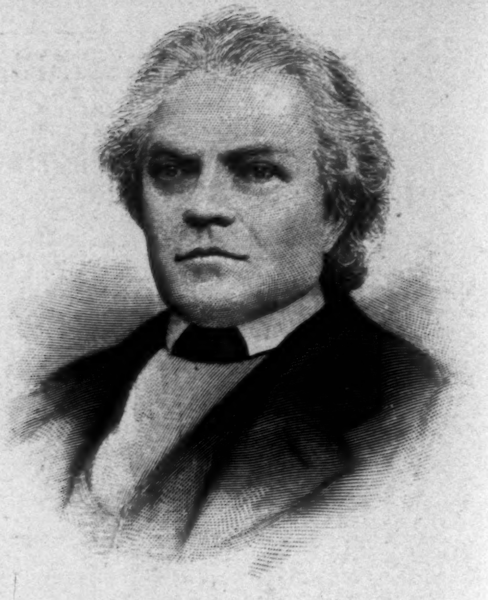
"With a raking fire of musketry, of course," interrupted Jones. "There was no other practical way. I sold the place for $8000, and went down to South Carolina and began the manufacture of the Jones Ne Plus Ultra Effervescent Watermelon, with a faucet in the stem end, shell to be returned to the factory for refilling. It failed, because there were no rinds for sweet pickles." H. C.



THE HON. JAMES T. KILBRETH,
Collector of the Port at New York.—From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 760.]



GEORGE C. PERKINS,
The new Senator from California.—[See Page 766.]



THE LATE JOHN STEPHENSON,
Inventor of the Street Car.

THE ORIGINAL STREET-CAR BUILDER.

John Stephenson, who has just died at his home in New Rochelle, Westchester County, New York, had a career that is another instance of the business capacity, untiring energy, and thrifty shrewdness of the people of the Scotch-Irish race. He was brought to this country when he was two years old, and though of foreign birth, he was nevertheless in sentiment and training thoroughly American. A sketch of his life would be a history of the American street car—the first one of which he designed and built—from the introduction of such carriages to the present time, when they are to be seen in every civilized and modern city of the world. And what is more, the cars actually designed and built by him are now in use wherever street railroads have been adopted.

At seventeen he was taken from school and put in a shop, but before two years had passed his father saw that his mechanical tastes and ingenuity were going to waste behind a counter, and he was taken away and apprenticed to a coach-maker whose shop was in Broome Street, where, by-the-way, the carriage business still flourishes. When his apprenticeship was over, which was more than sixty years ago, he was invited by Abram Brower, who kept a livery-stable opposite Bond Street on Broadway, to open a shop next the stables and keep his vehicles in repair. Mr. Brower at that time ran a stage line in Broadway from Bleecker Street to Wall Street, the fare being one shilling. As a general thing money went further in those days than it does now, but this did not apply to stage rides.

The stages then were in the old post-coach style, the coaches resting on leather thorough-braces. The seats were crossways of the coach, and the entrances on the sides. At the outset Mr. Stephenson endeavored to improve on this old style, and shortly there appeared from his shop the first vehicle known as an "omnibus." The advantage of this style of stage was soon seen, and they were built as fast as the old coaches needed replacing. So important were these new stages considered that they were named as ships are, and the first three constructed were called Minerva, Mentor, and Forget-me-not. This custom obtained for a long time, and still prevails to some extent in Southwestern cities, where the railway companies run omnibus lines for the purpose of gathering up and delivering passengers.

A year after Stephenson's independent career began his shop and Brower's stables were destroyed by fire, and being without insurance, his entire capital was wiped out. He soon opened another shop, and in it he built his first street car, in 1832. The New York and Harlem Railroad was chartered in 1831, and the first street-car line was opened in the Bowery in November, 1832. It ran from Prince to Fourteenth Street. The car which Stephenson designed and built was named for the president of the road, John Mason, who was also president of the now rich and famous Chemical Bank. The opening of this road was a great civic event, and the Mayor and Common Council of the city, with the officers of the road, made the first journey over the road, riding in Stephenson's car.

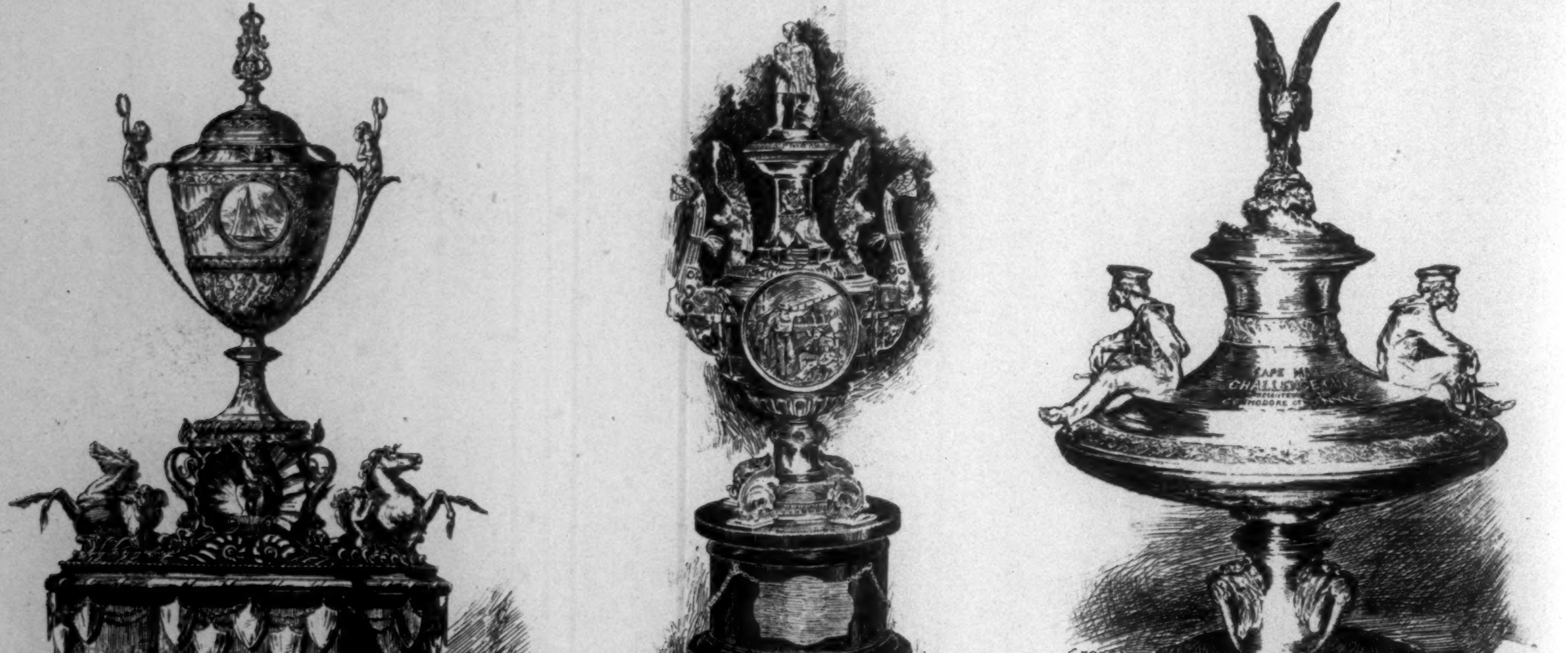
The great success of the first American street car was heralded all over the United States. Orders from the Harlem Company for other cars soon followed, and in the same year came orders for the new style of cars from Paterson, New Jersey, Brooklyn and Jamaica, Long Island, and from the New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company (now the Pennsylvania Railroad Company). Orders also came from Tallahassee, in Florida, and from Matanzas, in Cuba. These first cars were four-wheelers, and all of them were used on railroads except in the case of the Harlem Company, which were used in the streets. When Ross Winans, of Baltimore, introduced the eight-wheel car Mr. Stephenson's shop in Elizabeth Street was too small for the work he had to do, so, in 1836, he built a new factory in Harlem, at Fourth Avenue and One-hundred-and-twenty-ninth Street. There he did a much-enlarged business, and built regular railway cars of all styles. His business now rapidly outgrew his capital, and the panic of 1837 found him unprepared to meet his obligations, when his debtors, chiefly railroad companies, could not meet theirs. He was compelled to go into bankruptcy, and paid fifty cents on the dollar. His Harlem property was sacrificed, and his Harlem Railroad stock brought only eighteen per cent. of its face value.

As he was only twenty-six years old at the time of this disaster he was not discouraged. By 1843 he had collected enough money to resume business. He bought at that time the site in Twenty-seventh Street near Fourth Avenue, where the Stephenson shops are still located. He paid what was then considered a high price, $400 a lot. These lots are now worth at least $25,000 each. That is a very handsome advance, or, as Mr. Henry George would say, a considerable "unearned increment." Though excused by law from recognizing the debts which had been compounded, Mr. Stephenson paid them all off as soon as he was able. One of his creditors, Jordan L. Mott, refused to accept payment, saying that the failure was an honest one, and had been legally and morally wiped out by the bankruptcy proceedings. Some time after this refusal Mr. Mott ordered a truck to be made. When it was finished Stephenson delivered it with the bill endorsed, "Received payment by the bankruptcy debt. John Stephenson." Mr. Mott tried to pay for the truck, but Stephenson firmly refused; so Mr. Mott had the truck draped in gay bunting, and drove it through the streets of New York with this legend in large white letters on both sides of the vehicle: "This is the way an honest bankrupt pays his debts. His name is Honest John Stephenson." All of the profits of the new establishment for seven years were needed to pay these debts.

After the Harlem failure Mr. Stephenson for several years devoted himself entirely to building coaches and omnibuses, and he continued building the latter till they were entirely superseded in use by street cars. Street-car roads were not profitable at first, but in 1852 they became more popular, and many new lines were built. In that year the Second, Third, Sixth, and Eighth Avenue horse-car companies were chartered in New York, and Mr. Stephenson received the order to build the cars that were needed. From that time to the present his works have pretty nearly always been run to their full capacity, and his cars were sent all over the world.

In the civil war John Stephenson did some good service for the government. At one time he turned out from his factory seventy pontoons in seventeen days, for some emergency. He also built several hundred gun-carriages. In the draft riots of 1863 his factory was threatened by the mob. Stephenson, undaunted by their threats, loaded two cannon which he had received for a debt, collected a supply of ammunition, barricaded his doors, and arming his employés, for two days awaited the mob. But it never came.

In this large business Mr. Stephenson amassed a very handsome fortune, and was counted one of the millionaires of New York. He was always a zealous Methodist, and was active in church and Sunday-school work. For twenty years he was a school trustee of the Twenty-first Ward. This was the only office he would ever accept. Until a short while ago he came from his home in New Rochelle every day and took personal charge of his large business, which some years since was converted into a stock company, of which he and his sons were the owners.

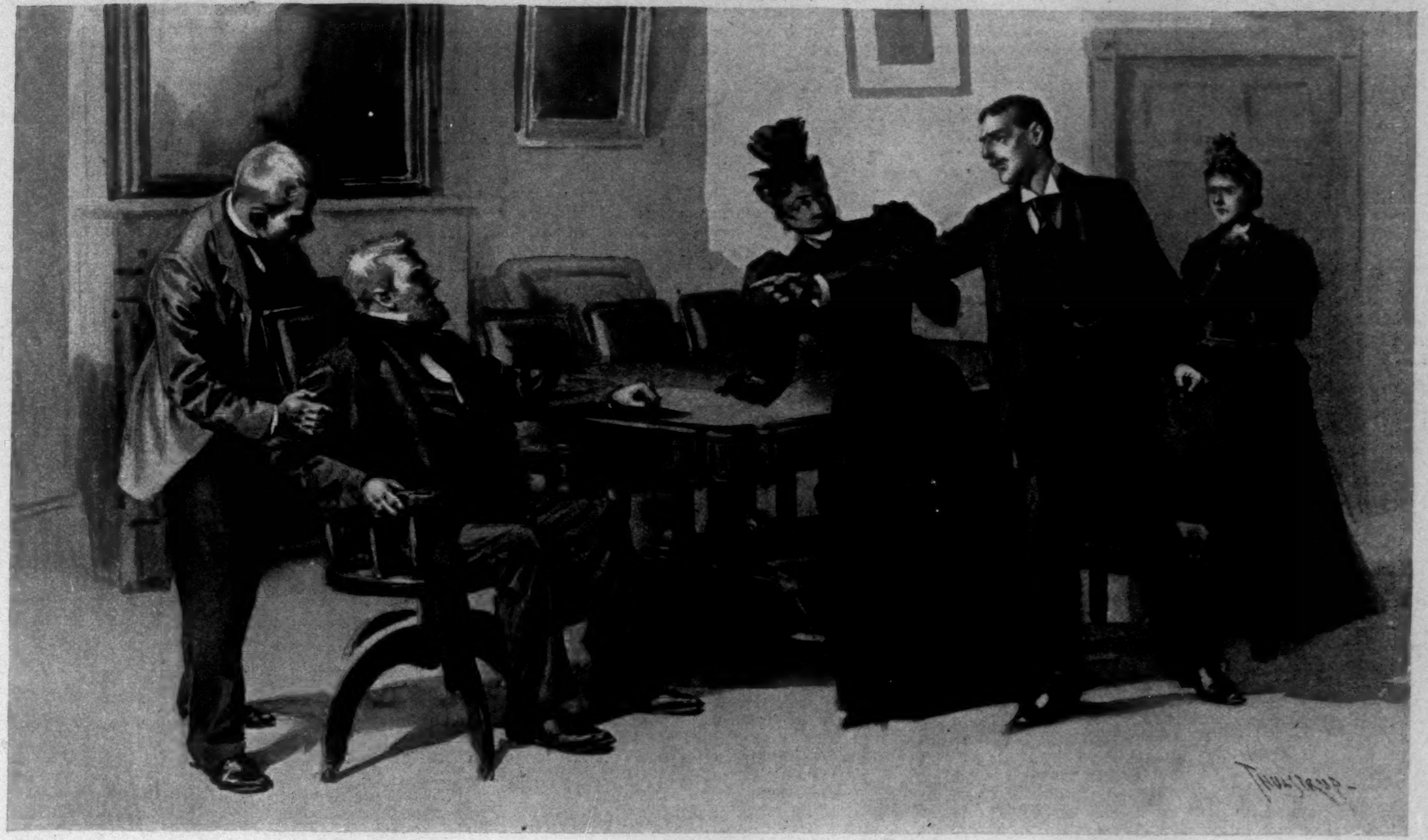


ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB.
International Gold Challenge Cup, 1891.

THE BRENTON REEF CUP.

CAPE MAY CHALLENGE CUP.
Presented by the Commodore of the New York Yacht Club.

INTERNATIONAL YACHT CUPS.—[See Page 766.]



THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

XXI.

THE Ogdens in their apartment presented to their callers substantially the same aspect that they had offered in a complete house, save that the dining-room had been lopped off, along with the kitchen. They were a shade more compact, and, if anything, a shade more luxurious.

Among the first of their callers here was the faithful Brower. As he lounged back in a familiar easy-chair he cast his eye around the drawing-room and the reception hall; he recognized a number of things from the other house, and detected, too, a good many novel elegancies. In one corner of the room, in particular, there stood a delightful little tea table; and he learned that the full paraphernalia of the delicate function known as "a tea" could be produced at a moment's notice.

On the purchase of this adjunct to polite living Jessie had brought all her insistence to bear. Life to her had now come merely to mean receiving and being received; and to receive at all she must receive correctly and elegantly.

"It's about all I feel equal to doing now—giving teas," she explained; "and that's all the more reason why I should do it properly. Now, Cecilia Ingles's table and china—"

"For Heaven's sake, Jessie, please to remember that you are not Mrs. Ingles and that I am not her husband. Can you expect me to compete with a man who has an income like his? Do you know what that building—that building alone—pays him a year?"

"Well, I only want things nice. I shall have to live quietly for a while; I don't feel as if I had any great strength; and I don't think I ought to be denied such a small thing as this."

Hence the charming little tea table, the delicate and exquisite porcelain, and the beautifully burnished kettle; and hence, too, the cup for Brower, so that he might see how the whole thing went. But the hand that passed it to him was white and tremulous, and the graceful bit of lace over the wrist fluttered with a pitiful palpitation.

"I'm going to put another lump on your saucer; so sorry you have caught us without a lemon." She smiled at him as she spoke, and he could not but see that her lips had a bluish tinge. "So good of you to let me come in just as I was." She smoothed down the fall of lace along the front of her wrapper. "But I hardly felt equal to dressing this evening; besides, an old friend like you—"

The "old friend" went home and talked things over with his roommate.

He lit the burners on both sides of his dressing-case mirror, and slowly took off his coat. His roommate was in his shirt sleeves, too.

"I wonder if he is happy?" said Brower, thoughtfully running his thumbnail along the teeth of his tortoise-shell comb.

"He tried hard enough to be," answered his roommate.

Brower sighed, and looked with frank but troubled eyes into his friend's face. "Too hard, perhaps."

The other returned his glance in kind. "I'm afraid so," he breathed.

"He figured it all out beforehand," said Brower. "We talked a good deal on the subject generally."

"That sort of thing doesn't always pay."

"We considered the rich girl and the poor girl," Brower went on. "But there's another kind of girl that we both failed to take account of."

"What kind is that?"

"The girl in very moderate circumstances who has spent all her time in going about among wealthy relatives and friends."

"The poor princess who makes the grand chain of other people's castles?"

"Yes," assented Brower; "the grand chain of other people's castles. It's demoralizing."

"Is he a disappointed man?"

"Yes; I'm certain of it. Disappointed, and worried half to death. I'm sorry for him. I'm afraid for him."

He sat down on the edge of the bed and began to unlace his shoes. His roommate wore shoes of the same size and laced them in the same way.

"I wonder," said he, "if he really loved her?"

"'Sh!" said Brower.

"Wasn't there another one that he *did* love?"

"Not a word more!" cried Brower.

He undressed and got into bed. He took a book with him. It was *A Mistaken Marriage*—he read everything.

"What do you want to read for?" asked the other. "It's late."

"I read because I don't want to think." He opened at the mark and settled back on his pillow and started in.

"Where are you now?" demanded his double.

"Page 316; the castle's on fire."

"Do you want anything more about castles?"

"No."

"And haven't you had enough of fires?"

"Plenty."

"Well, then!"

Out went the gas, and sleep presently succeeded.

The Ogdens had other callers; among them was Frederick Pratt.

Frederick had left the Underground for the temple at the extreme end of the street, where he was engaged in an ardent study of puts and calls. The atmosphere of the Board of Trade is less sedate than that of the Clearing-house association, and the new recruit had become still more volatile and giddy. He was skating on thinner ice and was putting more assurance into his movements.

Pratt, like Brower, made his own observations on the new status of the Ogdens; but unlike Brower, he did not keep his opinions and conjectures to himself. He gave the same currency to his reflections on this pair that he had given to those on the Viberts—and among others thus favored were the Floyds.

"What's the matter with George, anyhow?" he asked Walworth one evening. They were sitting again in Floyd's library, and a light haze of tobacco smoke prompted to elegiac reverie "He looks old. And he has come to be as poky as the deuce. He seemed last night as if he was worried half to death."

"I guess he is," answered Walworth. "He's anxious about his wife, for one thing."

"Well, she does look pretty bad, that's a fact. I don't believe she will live the year out. The first cold weather will carry her off."

"Don't say that!" exclaimed Mrs. Floyd. "She's delicate, and she has got to take care of herself. But to talk about dying—that's another thing."

"I'm not so sure." And Walworth shook his head gravely.

"But there's something more than that," said Freddy. "It's money. Gad! how they are fixed up! How can he stand it?"

"He can't," answered Walworth; "he's falling behind. And there is that house of his empty yet. I'd take it off his hands myself if it wasn't for being left in the same fix too. Wish I could help him; he hasn't said anything, though."

"He won't, either," replied Pratt. "He ain't that kind."

"Well, I don't see that we need trouble ourselves about help," Ann broke in. "He harmed me, anyway, a great deal more than he helped me—with that precious brother-in-law of his."

"I imagine he knows all about the brother-in-law, too, by this time," rejoined Walworth. "Haven't you got almost tired of twanging that string?"

He wondered if Ogden's brother-in-law were really as trying as his own sister-in-law.

Still other callers favored the Ogdens. Among them was one that had not called at the other house—that had never before, indeed, called at any house whatever. About the first of August a little débutante appeared on the social scene, and was "received" with all the care and flattering attention that the new apartment had at its disposal. She was a pale and fragile little bud, like many of the exotics with which her mother was fond of decorating her rooms; she had the same slender fingers that set these flowers around, and the same large blue eyes that studied their effect.

A nurse came, and she staid long after the time when a mere nurse-maid should have taken her place. Curtains were pulled down and kept so; the doctor's carriage (and sometimes more than one) stood waiting before the big doorway of the "Westmoreland"; bottles big and little accumulated on tables and shelves; and cautious tiptoeing became the habit of the whole household; until, at the end of a month, mother and child were doing as well—and only as well—as could be expected. This was not well at all. But both were out of immediate danger, and presently both appeared to mend.

The nurse-maid now arrived and the carriage and the cap. The languid young mother was capable of taking but a tepid interest in most things, but she rallied her powers to enforce the cap. Cecilia Ingles was her model here as in other matters, and the model was followed closely. Not every girl would wear a cap, but at last a capable one was found who was willing to. The lace cover of the perambulator and the white frills of its propeller were a frequent sight on the streets for a little time; then the necessity developed for the transfer of mother, child, and nurse during a few weeks to the convenient sanatorium provided by nature in southern Wisconsin.

The little party was back again in town at the opening of the fall season. Jessie employed her dwindling powers in a partial resumption of the duties which she felt that "society" demanded of her, and the child taxed the energies and resources of the maid, who received little real assistance from its mother. There were small gusts and starts of maternal affection now and then, but they would quickly run their brief course, and baby would be carried out of the room. Ogden wondered, from a curiously impersonal outside stand-point, whether he was to attribute this to his wife's waning vitality, or to an inherent incapacity for deep and genuine feeling.

But this matter soon passed beyond the confines of discussion. The day came when the nurse was dismissed, the carriage was put away, and Brower went with the stricken father to select a lot in the cemetery. It came that the two stood together one forenoon before a wide and polished mahogany counter, and bent their heads over a handsome plat that was neatly lettered and numbered, and was shaded in pleasant tints of blue and green. A man stood on the other side of the counter and tapped the drawing here and there with the reversed end of a fat pen-holder.

"This is a good section," he said; he was pausing over a green oval which was intersected by four or five fine black lines. "You are right on a leading driveway"—carrying the pen-holder along between the waving of two other and wider lines that ran parallel—"and just over here is the lake"—with his little finger on a tangled and shapeless patch of blue.

"That small lot could be made to do," said Brower, softly.

"This is the most fashionable part of the whole place," the man went on, with an indifferent loudness. "See here." He took down a large warped photograph from its place on a dusty shelf behind him, and gave it a dexterous wipe with his elbow. "This monument here is just across the driveway, and it cost twenty thousand dollars. Put up this summer by Arthur J. Ingles—I guess you've heard of *him*."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1902.

"Good God!" groaned Ogden. "Have I got to compete with that man even in the graveyard?"

The next afternoon a sombre little procession took its way limitsward to a tract outside, which was tenderly enclosed by great stretches of barbed wire, and was neighbored by the noise and glare of several stone-cutting yards. This little train traversed the raw and ragged edges of the town, and trailed across the succeeding reach of open prairie-land, over which led a long, straight, sandy road, dotted here and there with houses of refreshment for the occupants of mourning-coaches and for their drivers. There was the raw chill in the air which the North sometimes sends down into our early October days. The poor mother sobbed and coughed and shivered in her corner of the carriage; she returned to her home ill and exhausted, and entered it never to leave it alive.

It costs when a baby comes, it costs when a baby goes, it costs when a wife lies sick and dying, and Ogden now confessed himself almost driven to the wall.

"I know, George," his wife said, "that everything has been a great expense; but I'm sure papa would help us if you only spoke to him."

"What!" he cried, harshly.

She started, and presently was all atremble. Then she fell back weakly and coughed long and violently. "Oh, George, how could you!" she gasped.

"Forgive me, my poor child," he said, and took her hand. "But I could never do anything like that—never."

The next day he took the McDowell notes and spent what time he could spare among the brokers. They passed commendingly on the prompt payment of the interest as shown by the endorsements; but McDowell was pretty well known, and it was intimated that endorsements of another sort would be needed to make negotiation possible.

Then he got out the abstract of one of the McDowell tracts—the only one that he personally and individually had any right to use. "You've got considerably more than a pocketful there," the doorkeeper of the Clifton Deposit Vaults said to him as he passed out. He left the abstract with a firm of mortgage-brokers for examination. In the course of a week they advised him that a release had been overlooked—an instrument which must show of record before a loan could be effected on the property.

The tract had been put through a good many paces, and some of McDowell's work had been too hurried to be careful. The man to give the necessary release was a professional tax-buyer. He lived on the mistakes and misfortunes of other people—their sins of omission and commission; and such an act from such a man would cost something. It might be ten dollars, or fifty, or five hundred.

He waited in this harpy's outer office, while another caller, a woman, claimed attention in the inner one. It was Ann Wilde; he recognized her and she recognized him. She threw a scowling glance upon him, and her harsh and vindictive tones fell on his ears for several succeeding minutes. She knew his necessities. Could she be making them known to another?

It seemed so when his turn came. The release would be given only on payment of a sum that, in his present circumstances, was simply impossible.

He seemed now to have exhausted all expedients—all legitimate ones. A bitter recollection of that Sunday drive in the country came over him; he had indeed given a free rein to his wife, and just how close he was to graze against ruin only the future could show. He spent a miserable, sleepless night, and at daybreak he had decided to tax the bank for his own necessities—relying upon the present maturing of his notes to set himself right within a month or two. Do not inquire as to his precise method. There are many ways to take—the actual appropriation of currency, the abstraction of securities, the over-issue of certificates of stock, and so on and on. He chose the method which seemed liable to the lightest misconstruction and allowable of the promptest reparation. He avoided seeing himself in the aspect of a criminal by pleading his own cruel needs and by believing in his ability to make a prompt and complete restitution. Perhaps neither of these two reasons could have stood alone, but they leaned together and held each other up, a precarious poise that was not long to endure.

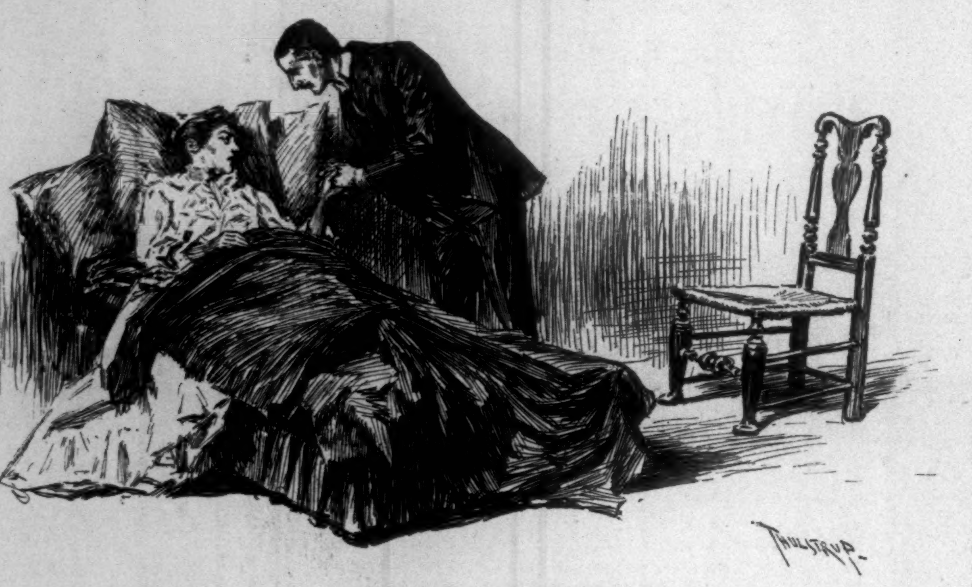
XXII.

It endured, in fact, scarcely a fortnight. It lapsed at the close of a dull October day, a day that was within one of the first anniversary of his marriage. Let the means by which he was detected be asked no more than the means through which he transgressed. The delicate mechanism of a bank's accounts responds sensitively to the slightest and most ingenious variation; and it may be, too, that some one in this particular bank was watching for the slip and was waiting for the chance to expose and punish it.

The smoky dusk of the short afternoon was falling outside, while within, under the illumination made by a single electric light, a mother, in the same room where one of Brainard's daughters had pleaded for the other, was now pleading with him for her son.

No taint had ever fallen before on any of her family or connections. She was crushed and dazed at the thought that anything like this had happened, could have happened, had had the slightest need of happening. And she was dumfounded that all explanation fell upon heedless ears, and that all offers of restitution encountered such stubborn, brutish, and determined opposition.

"We have lands," she cried, with the tears coursing down her anxious face. "We can make this good twice and three times over. What more can you want?"



"THEN SHE FELL BACK WEAKLY AND COUGHED LONG AND VIOLENTLY."

But Brainard *did* want something more. He wanted the ruin of her son.

"A bank can't deal in real estate," he said, doggedly.

He sent a malevolent glance across the table on whose far edge Ogden's bowed head was resting. Beside Ogden stood Fairchild; there was a look of sympathetic distress upon his kindly face.

"It is true," he said, in a low and quiet tone, "that it is not allowable for us to make a loan upon real property, but it would not be amiss for us to take it in payment of this—this—"

"Theft!" cried Brainard, loudly. Ogden winced and shuddered; his mother sank into a chair with a low moan.

"Look here, Fairchild," the old man went on, holding up his forefinger with an offensively masterful effect of caution, "it will pay you to go pretty slow just about here. This"—he wagged his head contemptuously towards the bowed head of the culprit—"was *your* man. You took his letters; you put him in here. Just stop and think of that."

Fairchild bit his lip.

"And the other man before him was yours. Don't forget that, either." His face showed a cruel and malignant grin.

Fairchild flushed, and lowered his eyes to the floor in silence. Ogden half raised his head to look at him. What could these words mean? He looked at his mother, too; she was lying back with her face in her hands.

The young man's own face was mapped with the lines of a worry that gonds one on to desperation, and it was painted with the blended hue that comes from shame and anxiety and fear and the exhausting struggles carried on through long and sleepless nights. It was hard to face these other faces; it was hard to face even the light of day, thick and dulling though it might be. His head dropped again to the friendly dusk of the table-top before him.

"By heaven," Brainard went on, "not another man comes into this bank except under a guarantee; and he'll pay the premium for it if he don't stay more than a week! You might think, in a small bank like this, that some kind of eye could be kept on things; but it seems not. It's pick and steal, all the time; first one, then another. No sooner is young Pratt rooted out than this fellow comes up. One steady string of flea-bites. I can't stand it; I won't stand it. Do you think I am going to have Shayne and Cutter and all the rest of 'em go around and tell how Brainard's always got somebody else's hand in his pants pocket and never finds it out? Not very much. I do find it out, and I'm going to punish it. You needn't ask me to hold off; it's no use. There's a law for this, and that law is going to take its course."

His white hair stood up in a stiff shock over his forehead, and the gray gristle sprouting on his lip moved up and down forbiddingly as the lip itself worked over the broken row of his teeth. The red veins in his nose showed more redly yet, and his fists were clinched at the ends of his down-hung arms with the straitened tension of an inexorable will.

"My poor boy! My poor boy!" his mother cried. She came over to him and bowed her head on his.

Fairchild looked at Brainard—a look that called for all his self-control and fortitude. "This is too hard," he said. "There was provocation for him, and there are means to make everything good."

"See here, Fairchild," cried the enraged old man, "you have got to keep out of this, if you want to stay friends with me. We've pulled together a good while, but we shall pull apart after five seconds more of this. That young man there has fooled along with us a little too far. He has had his fun, and now he shall pay for it. He shall; by God, I say he shall!"

His voice rose to a harsh and strident cry, and his great fist fell with a ponderous thud on the table before him.

A second later another hand was heard—on the other side of the door. It was faint, but it was audible. It had been preparing for five long and hesitating minutes. To the heart that guided this hand the five seemed five-and-twenty.

Fairchild moved swiftly towards the door, and laid his hand upon the knob to prevent any intrusion.

The knock was repeated. He opened the door to a narrow crack. Then he opened it wider.

Abbie Brainard stood on the threshold.

She stepped in swiftly and softly. She shut the door behind her quickly, and then leaned her back against its shining panels.

Her face was pale; her bosom was heaving; but her gray eyes gave out the strong and steady light of courage and resolution.

Ogden saw her. He locked his jaws, and took a firm hold on the two arms of his chair, and raised himself and stood erect before her. Had not she herself, on this very spot, once done the same for him? However it might be or might have been with others, here, at least, was one who should not see him humbled.

There was no salutation of any kind on either side. She saw him, but seemed to be looking beyond him rather than at him; and in his eyes she stood there with the remote inaccessibility of some distant snow peak.

Her father turned towards her.

"Abbie! You here? What do you want? What do you mean by coming in like this? Go out again!"

She looked at him with a cool and quiet inflexibility. But her voice was low and trembling as she said, "I shall stay."

"You can't; you mustn't. You don't want to mix up in this business—you don't understand."

He laid one hand on her arm, and with the other he reached out towards the door-knob.

She withdrew her arm from the hold of his fingers. "I understand," she said, immovably.

He drew back. "You do? Well, stay then, if you will, and understand better. Learn what kind of a man he really is." He thrust out his arm towards Ogden, with a cruel and contemptuous smile. "He came here with letters," he began. "We gave him a chance. Nobody really knew what he was—"

Ogden stood there straight before him. He ground his teeth together to keep his face composed; behind him his nails dug into the palms of his hands as he held himself back from springing forward and fastening them around the throat of Abbie Brainard's father. There was a ringing in his ears, and through it there sounded faintly the fine tones of Fairchild, speaking to Mary Brainard:

"Nobody really knows who he is, or who his people are, or where he is from.... a town full to overflowing with single young men.... from everywhere. They are taken on faith. Most of them are all right, no doubt; but others—"

He was now one of the "others"; his "people," whom no one had known, were to be known now, after years of probity, as the relatives of a—

"Nobody really knew who he was," Brainard repeated; "but he was taken right in and given a good place. Hasn't he ever wondered why? Is it so easy to go into a new town and get a good job in a bank the very first thing? Wasn't there any other men to jump at the chance of a position half as good—ain't the city full of 'em? Wasn't there any of 'em in the bank itself who was waiting for the place themselves—and had a right to it, too? Why was there a vacant place to fill, anyhow? Because, a week before, another man had done just what this man has done. He was your man, Fairchild, too. And why did this one here come stepping in ahead of all the old ones? You fixed it, Fairchild; you liked his looks and his talk, you said. Another bad guess for you."

Fairchild studied the carpet with abashed eyes, as were he himself the culprit.

"Yes," Brainard continued, "he was put in a good place, and he was pushed right along. Hasn't he ever guessed why? Does a new man come into an office like this, and get as far along inside of a year as he has, without there being any reason for it? I'll tell him the reason for it. I did it because my girl here—"

"Father!" cried Abbie, with face aflame. "No! no!"

"You say you understand," he said, turning towards her. "Now let *him* understand too. I advanced him to his position," he went on, shamelessly, "because my girl here asked me to."

"No, father! No!" the poor child cried. She threw her shamefaced head on Mrs. Ogden's bosom. She had never seen her before, but under such circumstances the only place for a woman's face was on another woman's breast.

"Yes, you did, too—ask me," he went on, with increased hardihood, "or just the same as asked. I knew what you meant well enough. And I said to myself I'd do it. One girl went wrong," he continued, with a choking in his throat, "and I wanted to do what I could to—I wanted Abbie to do different. I wasn't going to have her carried off by another infernal scoundrel."

Ogden flushed and paled and sank down into his chair. His head dropped into his hands; there was no possibility of his holding it up before anything like this.

"And so I helped him on. I said, 'If I do the right thing by him, he will do the right thing by—her; he will act like a man.' I *did* do the right thing by him—and what then? He had been hanging around all the spring, taking walks and sitting out in front and borrowing books. But the moment I put him on his legs, what did he do?"

He was addressing the young man's mother now, whose tear-stained face showed over Abbie's black hat, and whose poor old hand was laid tenderly on Abbie's shoulder. It was plain to every one now that the question was not one of money. Ogden saw clearly enough at last why he had suffered wreck when so many others had ridden the waves. Pratt had filched and had escaped. McDowell had plundered right and left and had never been brought down. Brainard himself had piled up a scandalous fortune and yet had contrived to evade the law. But none of them had come athwart the mortified rage of a father—a father who had humbled his inborn savageness and pride for a daughter's sake, and had humbled himself in vain.

Ogden glanced across towards Abbie. She rested on his mother's shoulder as once, almost, and in this very room, she had rested on his. He knew why she had come; he recognized her devotion and her bravery. She had overlooked his pitiful palterings; she had forgiven the final slight to which they had led; she had imperilled her modesty and mortified her self-love by coming here that she might save him from her father's vengeance.

Her father looked at her now, and took a softer tone.

"She's the best girl there ever was in the world," he declared, with a choking voice and a moistened glimmer in his eyes, "and the smartest. She knows how to do everything. She's the only real comfort I've ever had. She would be a credit to any man, I don't care who. And what does he pass her over for? For another," he went on, with a recrudescence of his insane and primitive jealousy, "who can't care for her house, who couldn't be a mother to his child, who has ruined him by her extravagance—"

"Stop!" cried Ogden. He rose and approached Brainard. There was a threatening glitter in his eyes, and convulsive twitches played among his fingers.

"Yes, stop, for Heaven's sake," said Fairchild, laying an expostulatory hand on the old man's arm. "Stop," he murmured again; "his wife is dying."

Abbie rushed between Ogden and her father. "George! George!" she cried. "Don't! Be patient!"

"What if his wife *is* dying?" called out the infuriated old wretch. "Is that any reason for lying down when he has slighted my daughter and robbed me?"

"For shame, father! For shame!" She hid her face in her hands, and her tears gushed through them.

Ogden paused, stung and quivering. His hands dropped; his fingers relaxed. His wife was dying! Nobody had told him that before, and he had never dared to tell it to himself. But it was true, and he knew it.

Abbie rose again and confronted her father. The tears were still in her eyes, and a wide blush suffused her cheeks.

"Father, you shall not punish him. He may have done wrong, but there was reason for it. And any wrong he *has* done can be set right."

Ogden's eyes were bedimmed, but through the moisture he seemed to see again the sight that closed the evening of his one-day wedding journey towards the North; again he stood on the bridge, and the sun set over one lake while the moon rose over the other. Only now, with Abbie Brainard's blushes before his body's eye and his wife's pale face before his mind's eye, a confusion came alike over his thought and his vision; it was now the sun rising on him at the moment that the pallid moon was going down. He looked at her, and she looked at him, and in the eyes of both there was read the confession of a great mistake. Then her eyes drooped for shame and his for disloyalty, and neither one was able to look into the other's face again.

"Do you defend *him?*" her father cried. "Can you forgive *her?* I can't do either. No quarter; don't ask it, Abbie. He has chosen his course; he is responsible for his acts. And he shall answer for them, as any other man must who crosses me."

He flung open the door and passed out. Fairchild stood anxiously over the chair in which Abbie lay back panting for breath. Ogden pressed her hand, and turned towards his mother.

"Come, let us go," he said, and the two passed out into the great vestibule of the Clifton. He signalled the elevator.

"Wait for me here, mother—five minutes;" he spoke in a voice which she hardly recognized as his. "Twelfth," she heard him say to the boy inside.

"Twelfth!" she gasped. "Twelfth? It's Eugene!"

She tried to stop him; her fingers merely caught in the grille-work that shut off the empty shaft.

Why do we go mad? Why do we kill ourselves? Why is there more insanity and more self-murder to-day than ever before? It is because, under existing conditions, the relief that comes from action is so largely shut off. How has humanity contrived to endure so well the countless ills of countless ages? Because society has been, in general, loose-knit, so that each unit in it has had room for some individual play. What so increases and intensifies the agonies of to-day? The fact that society has a closer and denser texture than ever before; its fine-spun meshes bind us and strangle us. Indignation ferments without vent; injury awaits with a wearing impatience the slow and formal infliction of a corporate punishment; self-consciousness paralyzes the quick and free action that is the surest and sometimes the only relief.

McDowell was in his office alone. A single light was burning in the room, and nothing remained but the drawing down of a desk top and the quenching of the light before locking the door from the outside and calling the day's work over. He looked up as Ogden entered.

"Oh, it's you. I haven't seen you for some time past." He used the dubious intonation that marks a half-smothered enmity.

"Yes, it's I. And you won't see me for some time to come. You see me this once."

He stood with his hand on the back of a chair. He made no motion to seat himself, but he was unmistakably planted there to remain. McDowell therefore resumed his own accustomed chair beside his desk.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

He scrutinized Ogden with an undisguised curiosity. The young man's voice sounded strange in his ears; his face had an expression which made it almost the face of an acquaintance now first met.

"I have come to square with you," began Ogden, slowly. He passed an unconscious hand along the varnished back of the chair; it was a chair in yellow oak, whose frame was light but strong, and whose seat was of cane.

"We *are* square," said McDowell, curtly. "You have your deeds for that ground—all put into the settlement at a fair value. I have paid your interest as it came due, and shall go on doing so. The principal the same. I'm all right; what is it *you* want? Try the courts, if you think you can reach me."

"I shall reach you."

"I wonder how?"

Ogden lifted his hand from the chair to his forehead, across which he passed it once or twice. McDowell gave him an amused smile.

"You have robbed me," Ogden said; "you have disgraced me; you have brought me to the edge of ruin. You took advantage of my trust, my inexperience, my strangeness to the city. You have stripped us all, and you have used my sister for a shield. You knew we would stand everything for her, and we *have* stood everything. You have acted like a sneak and a coward."

McDowell's eyes dropped to his desk. But no flush mounted to his face; that would have been a physical and a moral impossibility. He looked up again after a moment.

"You will reach me? I wonder how?"

Ogden, for the first time in his life, passed completely out of himself. There fell away from him all the fetters that shackle the supercivilized man who is habitually conscious of his civilization.

"Like this."

He seized the chair, raised it over McDowell's head, and went out, leaving the man crushed and bleeding on the floor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE'S BOOK.

It is done—the romance is over—
No blessing hath Fortune to send,
For Cupid has slammed down the cover
And written *The End.*

Quite short is the tale he has written,
Sweet, short as the text for a tomb,
Of love, and a youth who was smitten,
Then ashes and gloom.

I thought it might be a long story,
A serial never to stop;
I thought he was writing for glory,
And not for the shop.

But no; he just scratched off a lyric
That some feeble poet might sing
(It almost would pass for a pyrrhic),
A little, short thing.

I thought a strong chain Love was weaving
To stretch to eternity's brink;
But the shackles were very deceiving,
Composed of one link.

Do all dreams turn out just as hollow?
Must I go through life as a sage?
Alas! in Love's book must there follow
Blank page after page?

Or else was this little love-poem,
Which took but a day to compose,
Designed as a sort of a proem,
The rest to be prose?

What hap if this chain that has parted
As prose or as poetry rank,
So long as the book Cupid started
Be not left a blank?

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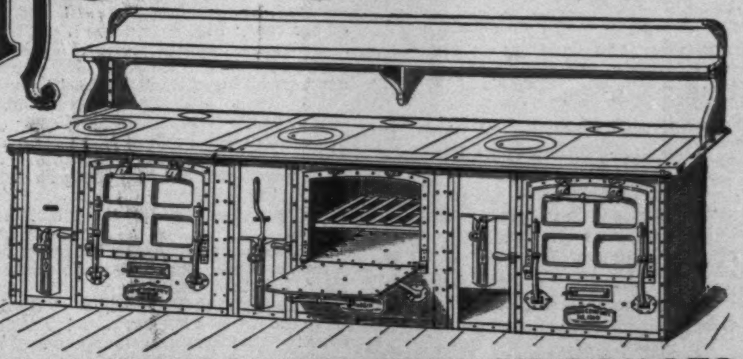

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A PSYCHICAL PRANK.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I.

WILLIS had met Miss Hollister but once, and that, for a certain purpose, was sufficient. He was smitten. She represented in every way his ideal, although until he had met her his ideal had been something radically different. She was not at all Junoesque, and the maiden of his dreams had been decidedly so. She had auburn hair, which hitherto Willis had detested. Indeed, if the same wealth of hirsute had adorned some other woman's head, Willis would have called it red. This shows how completely he was smitten. She changed his point of view entirely. She shattered his old ideal and set herself up in its stead, and she did most of it with a smile.

There was something, however, about Miss Hollister's eyes that contributed to the smiting of Willis's heart. They were great round lustrous orbs, and deep. So deep were they and so penetrating that Willis's affections were away beyond their own depth the moment Miss Hollister's eyes looked into his, and at the same time he had a dim and slightly uncomfortable notion that she could read every thought his mind held within its folds—or rather, that she could see how utterly devoid of thought that mind was upon this ecstatic occasion, for Willis's brain was set all agog by the sensations of the moment.

"By Jove!" he said to himself afterward—for Willis, wise man that he could be on occasions, was his own confidant, to the exclusion of all others—"by Jove! I believe she can peer into my very soul; and if she can, my hopes are blasted, for she must be able to see that a soul like mine is no more worthy to become the affinity of one like hers than a mountain rill can hope to rival the Amazon."

Nevertheless, Willis did hope.

"Something may turn up, and perhaps—perhaps I can devise some scheme by means of which my imperfections can be hidden from her. Maybe I can put stained glass over the windows of my soul, and keep her from looking through them at my shortcomings. Smoked glasses, perhaps—and why not? If smoked glasses can be used by mortals gazing at the sun, why may they not be used by me when gazing into those scarcely less glorious orbs of hers?"

Alas for Willis! The fates were against him. A far-off tribe of fates were in league to blast his chances of success forever, and this was how it happened:

Willis had occasion one afternoon to come up town early. At the corner of Broadway and Astor Place he entered a Madison Avenue car, paid his fare, and sat down in one of the corner seats at the rear end of the car. His mind was, as usual, intent upon the glorious Miss Hollister. Surely no one who had once met her could do otherwise than think of her constantly, he reflected; and the reflection made him a bit jealous. What business had others to think of her? Impertinent, grovelling mortals! No man was good enough to do that—no, not even himself. But he could change. He could at least try to be worthy of thinking about her, and he knew of no other man who could. He'd like to catch any one else doing so little as mentioning her name!

"Impertinent, grovelling mortals!" he repeated.

And then the car stopped at Seventeenth Street, and who should step on board but Miss Hollister herself!

"The idea!" thought Willis. "By Jove! there she is—on a horse-car, too! How atrocious! One might as well expect to see Minerva driving in a grocer's wagon as Miss Hollister in a horse-car. Miserable, untactful world to compel Minerva to ride in a horse-cart, or rather Miss Hollister to ride in a grocer's car! Absurdest of absurdities!"

Here he raised his hat, for Miss Hollister had bowed sweetly to him, and passed on to the far end of the car, where she stood hanging on to a strap.

"I wonder why she doesn't sit down?" thought Willis; for as he looked about the car he observed that with the exception of his own all the seats were vacant. In fact, the only persons on board were Miss Hollister, the driver, the conductor, and himself.

"I think I'll go speak to her," he thought. And then he thought again: "No, I'd better not. She saw me when she entered, and if she had wished to speak to me she would have sat down here beside me, or opposite me perhaps. I shall show myself worthy of her by not thrusting my presence upon her. But I wonder why she stands? She looks tired enough."

Here Miss Hollister indulged in a very singular performance. She bowed her head slightly at some one, apparently on the sidewalk, Willis thought, murmured something, the purport of which Willis could not catch, and sat down in the middle of the seat on the other side of the car, looking very much annoyed—in fact, almost unamiable.

Willis was more mystified than ever; but his mystification was as nothing compared to his anxiety when, on reaching Forty-second Street, Miss Hollister rose, and sweeping by him without a sign of recognition, left the car.

"Cut, by thunder!" ejaculated Willis, in consternation. "And why, I wonder? Most incomprehensible affair. Can she be a woman of whims—with eyes like those? Never. Impossible. And yet what else can be the matter?"

Try as he might, Willis could not solve the problem. It was utterly past solution as far as he was concerned.

"I'll find out, and I'll find out like a brave man," he said after racking his brains for an hour or two in a vain endeavor to get at the cause of Miss Hollister's cut. "I'll call upon her to-night and ask her."

He was true to his first purpose, but not to his second. He called, but he did not ask her, for Miss Hollister did not give him the chance to do so. Upon receiving his card she sent down word that she was out. Two days later, meeting him face to face upon the street, she gazed coldly at him, and cut him once more. Six months later her engagement to a Boston man was announced, and in the autumn following Miss Hollister, of New York, became Mrs. Barrows of Boston. There were cards, but Willis did not receive one of them. The cut was indeed complete and final. But why? That had now become one of the great problems of Willis's life. What had he done to be so badly treated?

II.

A year passed by, and Willis recovered from the dreadful blow to his hopes, but he often puzzled over Miss Hollister's singular behavior toward him. He had placed the matter before several of his friends, and, with the exception of one of them, none were more capable of solving his problem than he. This one had heard from his wife, a school friend and intimate acquaintance of Miss Hollister, now Mrs. Barrows, that Willis's ideal had once expressed herself to the effect that she had admired Willis very much until she had discovered that he was not as polite as he should be.

"Polite? Not as polite as I should be?" retorted Willis. "When have I ever been anything else? Why, my dear Bronson," he added, "you know what my attitude toward womankind—as well as mankind—has always been. If there is a creature in the world whose politeness is his weakness, I am that creature. I'm the most courteous man living. When I play poker in my own rooms I lose money, because I've made it a rule never to beat my guests at cards or anything else."

"That isn't politeness," said Bronson. "That's idiocy."

"It proves my point," retorted Willis. "I'm polite to the verge of insanity. Not as polite as I should be! Great Scott! What did I ever do or say to give her that idea?"

"I don't know," Bronson replied "Better ask her. Maybe you overdid your politeness. Overdone courtesy is often worse than boorishness. You may have been so polite on some occasion that you made Miss Hollister think you considered her an inferior person. You know what the poet insinuated. Sorosis holds no fury like a woman condescended to by a man."

"I've half a mind to write to Mrs. Barrows and ask her what I did," said Willis.

"That would be lovely," said Bronson. "Barrows would be pleased."

"True. I never thought of that," replied Willis.

"You are not a thoughtful thinker," said Bronson, dryly. "If I were you I'd bide my time, and some day you may get an explanation. Stranger things have happened; and my wife tells me that the Barrowses are to spend the coming winter in New York. You'll meet them out somewhere, no doubt."

"No; I shall decline to go where they are. No woman shall cut me a second time—not even Mrs. Barrows," said Willis, firmly.

"Good! Stand by your colors," said Bronson, with an amused smile.

A week or two later Willis received an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Bronson to dine with them informally. "I have some very clever friends I want you to meet," she wrote. "So be sure to come."

Willis went. The clever friends were Mr. and Mrs. Barrows, and, to the surprise of Willis, he was received most effusively by the quondam Miss Hollister.

"Why, Mr. Willis," she said, extending her hand to him. "How delightful to see you again!"

"Thank you," said Willis, in some confusion. "I—er—I am sure it is a very pleasant surprise for me. I—er—had no idea—"

"Nor I," returned Mrs. Barrows. "And really I should have been a little embarrassed, I think, had I known you were to be here. I—ha! ha!—it's so very absurd that I almost hesitate to speak of it—but I feel I must. I've treated you very badly."

"Indeed!" said Willis, with a smile. "How, pray?"

"Well, it wasn't my fault really," returned Mrs. Barrows; "but do you remember, a little over a year ago, my riding up town on a horse-car—a Madison Avenue car—with you?"

"H'm!" said Willis, with an affectation of reflection. "Let me see; ah—yes—I think I do. We were the only ones on board, I believe, and—ah—"

Here Mrs. Barrows laughed outright. "You thought we were the only ones on board, but—we weren't. The car was crowded," she said.

"Then I don't remember it," said Willis. "The only time I ever rode on a horse-car with you to my knowledge was—"

"I know; this was the occasion," interrupted Mrs. Barrows. "You sat in a corner at the rear end of the car when I entered, and I was very much put out with you because it remained for a stranger, whom I had often seen and to whom I had for reasons unknown even to myself taken a deep aversion, to offer me his seat, and, what is more, compel me to take it."

"I don't understand," said Willis. "We were alone on the car."

"To your eyes we were, although at the time I did not know it. To my eyes when I boarded it the car was occupied by enough people to fill all the seats. You returned my bow as I entered, but did not offer me your seat. The stranger did, and while I tried to decline it, I was unable to do so. He was a man of about my own age, and he had a most remarkable pair of eyes. There was no resisting them. His offer was a command, and as I rode along and thought of your sitting motionless at the end of the car, compelling me to stand, and being indirectly responsible for my acceptance of courtesies from a total and disagreeable stranger, I became so very indignant with you that I passed you without recognition as soon as I could summon up courage to leave. I could not understand why you, who had seemed to me to be the soul of politeness, should upon this occasion have failed to do not what I should exact from any man, but what I had reason to expect of you."

"But, Mrs. Barrows," remonstrated Willis, "why should I give up a seat to a lady when there were twenty other seats unoccupied on the same car?"

"There is no reason in the world why you should," replied Mrs. Barrows. "But it was not until last winter that I discovered the trick that had been put upon us."

"Ah?" said Willis. "Trick?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Barrows. "It was a trick. The car was empty to your eyes, but crowded to mine with the astral bodies of the members of the Boston Theosophical Society."

"Wha-a-at?" roared Willis.

"It is just as I have said," replied Mrs. Barrows, with a silvery laugh. "They are all great friends of my husband's, and one night last winter he dined them at our house, and who do you suppose walked in first?"

"Madame Blavatsky's ghost?" suggested Willis, with a grin.

"Not quite," returned Mrs. Barrows. "But the horrible stranger of the horse-car; and do you know, he recalled the whole thing to my mind, assuring me that he and the others had projected their astral bodies over to New York for a week, and had a magnificent time unperceived by all save myself, who was unconsciously psychic, and so able to perceive them in their invisible forms."

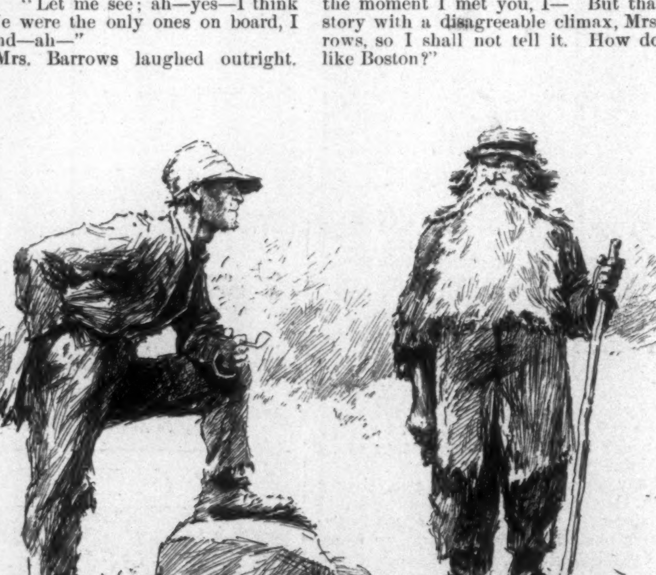
"It was a mean trick on me, Mrs. Barrows," said Willis, ruefully, as soon as he had recovered sufficiently from his surprise to speak.

"Oh no," she replied, with a repetition of her charming laugh, which rearoused in Willis's breast all the regrets of a lost cause. "They didn't intend it especially for you, anyhow."

"Well," said Willis, "I think they did. They were friends of your husband's, and they wanted to ruin me."

"Ruin you? And why should the friends of Mr. Barrows have wished to do that?" asked Mrs. Barrows, in astonishment.

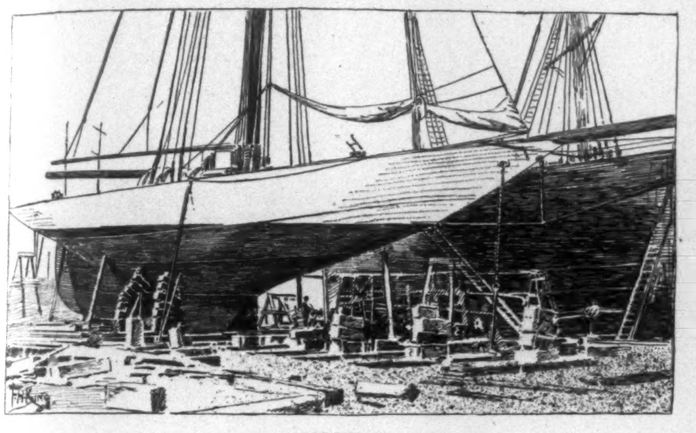
"Because," began Willis, slowly and softly—"because they probably knew that from the moment I met you, I— But that is a story with a disagreeable climax, Mrs. Barrows, so I shall not tell it. How do you like Boston?"



"Hello, Suds; how you feeling?"
"First-rate; only it's mighty hot for walkin'."
"You bet it is! and most too hot for wearin' furs, I reckon."

AMATEUR SPORT

THE PERFORMANCE OF THE *Navahoe* in English waters the past week has been of a kind to fill every American with hope of her eventual success. Mr. Carroll's boat has demonstrated that she has an undoubted good fighting chance for the Cape May, or the *Genesta* cup, as some of the English correspondents are incorrectly writing it down. There is no license for calling this trophy the *Genesta* cup, and editors of American papers at least should not permit it in the columns under their control. There would be quite as much reason in calling the *America's* cup the *Vigilant*, *Colonia*, *Pilgrim*, or *Jubilee* cup, after whichever one of these successfully defended it against the *Valkyrie*, or of even calling it the *Valkyrie* cup should the latter win it—a test, however, to which neither editors nor reporters will be called upon to undergo. The heeling over of the *Navahoe* until her rail was "well under" in the race on Thursday against *Valkyrie*, *Satanita*, and *Calluna*, and her subsequent retirement, owing to the jaws of her gaff breaking and dropping her mainsail, seem to have created a lot of amusing talk, particularly in English papers. The London *Times*, which, on the *Navahoe's* first appearance at Cowes, praised the American boat, and declared her fast, after Thursday's race found much to criticise. All despatches, in fact, from the other side unite in saying that English yachtsmen are emphatic in their opinion that the *Navahoe* is useless in a stiff breeze, and are correspondingly pleased over the superior showing of the English boats in Thursday's gale.

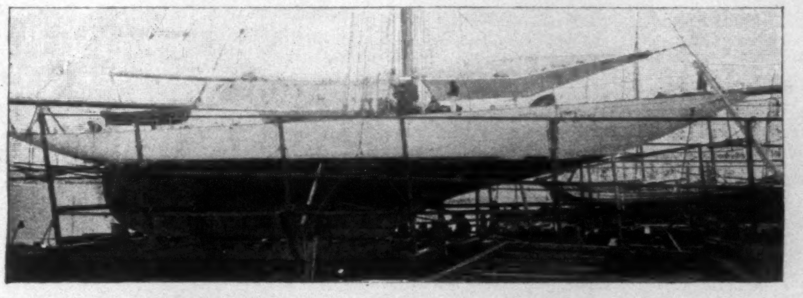

"COLONIA."
The Rogers cup-defender on dry-dock.

BY THE TIME THIS PARAGRAPH IS IN COLD TYPE the *Navahoe* will probably have already shown the Englishmen, and the correspondents with no opinions of their own, how little they comprehended the true cause of her mishap, which was the simple lack of proper form, or, athletically speaking, condition. It is an easy matter to find in the early horse-racing season an aged "selling plater," hardened under the vicissitudes of many a Guttenburg winter meeting, which would beat a Salvator before he was "fit." While disclaiming all intention of likening the English boats to Guttenburg "selling platers," the comparison points out for the British yachtsmen what is well known over here, and proved every season in yachting as well as horse-racing, viz., that a superior horse and a superior boat out of condition may be, and is, handily beaten by an inferior. The London *Times* seemed to lose sight of this fact in voicing the opinion of its yachting experts about the *Navahoe* being useless in a stiff breeze.

If there are any qualities American-built yachts have ever lacked, seaworthiness is certainly not among the number. It would be strange indeed were the *Navahoe* to be an exception in this age of superlative skill in yacht designing and building, and stranger yet if the designers of such recent and notably seaworthy boats as *Gloriana* and *Wasp* were to fail in a yacht which they knew would be called on to sail across the Atlantic Ocean on its own bottom, and afterwards weather the winds of the British waters in racing trim for an international trophy. There is as much likelihood of one being true as the other.

"NAVAHOE'S" TROUBLE IS TENDERNESS, undoubtedly due chiefly to her having had literally no tuning-up. On this side she had little or no sailing, and even in that little showed she was tender to an unusual degree. There was no time for tuning-up. She sailed across in cruising trim of course, hauled out, and up to Thursday had been in just two races. It was impossible, therefore, to expect her on such meagre preparatory work to stand a blow that called for all there is in the most seasoned boats. Probably Mr. Carroll's great desire to have the *Navahoe* reap the benefit of all possible tuning-up was the only reason for his starting in a blow that his experience must have told him was too stiff for his boat in her more or less tender condition. Although she heeled over at one time considerably, *Navahoe* was going through the water at a lively gait, and with as much prospect of winning as any one of the entries, until her mainsail dropped and she was out of it. She went to Southampton, and her canvas will be so thoroughly overhauled that such an accident is not likely to occur again. It is not fair to *Navahoe* to compare her performance in a heavy blow with that of the English boats, since they have been racing every day since the beginning of May, and are consequently in excellent form.

IT IS BY REASON OF THESE FACTS that *Navahoe's* chances for winning the Cape May and Brenton Reef and Royal Victoria cups seem brighter to the writer than at any other time since she left Newport. There is one very important matter in the sailing of the English and American boats that at least correspondents in cabling their reports have apparently ignored, and that is the excellent windward work of *Navahoe*, notwithstanding her comparative tenderness. Yachtsmen generally look to the windward work of a boat for a line on her capabilities, and, all other things being equal, it is the most telling test. In the first race of the Cowes week, where the *Navahoe* reached home first on the first round of the course, and third on the second, she outpointed both *Britannia* and *Valkyrie* handily in her windward work, though she was outsailed on the second. In the other races in which she has been seen her windward work has been good. In running before the wind, with a single exception, the English boats have beaten her; but there is nothing to worry over in this fact, for I believe our usual experience has been in these international contests that the English boats are faster than the American in this particular. On the other hand, the superiority of the American boat was invariably shown in her windward work.


"VIGILANT."
The Morgan-Iselin cup-defender on dry-dock.—From a photograph by James H. Hare.

IT IS NOT TO BE CREDITED that the English yacht designers have advanced more than have our own since 1885, when we last tested the merits of the British boat, and there is no reason for believing, even after the few races in which the *Navahoe* has competed, they can beat us to-day any more than they could eight years ago.

It is because, therefore, of *Navahoe's* good showing in her altogether unprepared racing state, against the very best of all England, tuned up to the highest racing key, that her eventual success appears to be the more assured. Another sign of what may be expected is the fact that *Navahoe* has beaten *Satanita* under ordinary conditions by about the same time as has *Valkyrie*, and *Satanita* is a consistent performer in mild breezes and fast in a heavy blow.

ST. GEORGE CRICKET GROUNDS, CHICAGO.
Scene of National championship doubles.
1. Taylor. 2. Tobin. 3. Hovey. 4. Hobart. 5. Campbell.

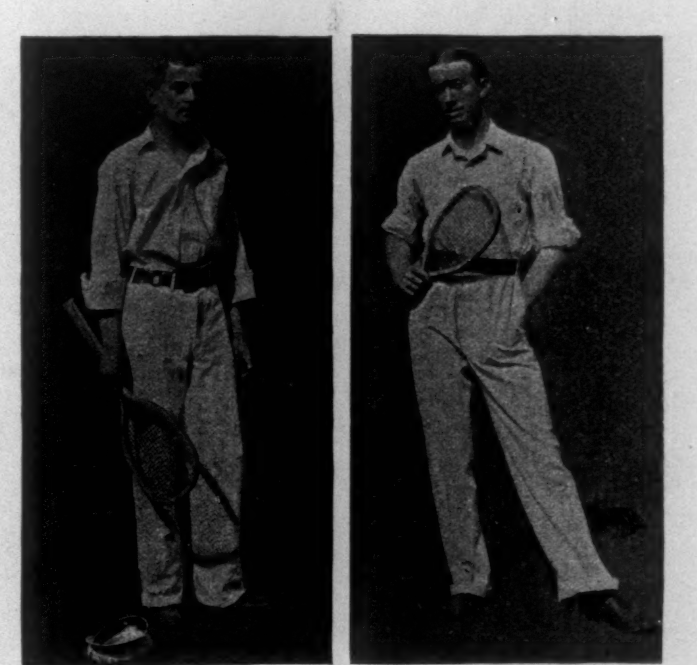
"ONAWA."
The 21-footer which beat *Alpha* on Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota.

IT CANNOT BE DENIED THAT THE WORK of both *Satanita* and *Valkyrie* in the heavy wind of Thursday was very good. They sailed a fine race, and weathered the gale in the best possible manner. *Britannia* was on the ways, and not a starter, consequently, while *Calluna* had her usual accident and withdrew. If ever a boat had a hoodoo, it must be this Fife production, which has been so bitter a disappointment to all Scotch yachtsmen. Her lines are so good that when seen at the first of the season before any of the boats were launched, she was expected to do great things; but her very first trial was a disappointment, which has been growing keener with every subsequent race. Alterations in her made little difference; her racing record so far has been distinguished chiefly by accidents that have resulted in her withdrawal. *Satanita* proved Thursday that she is the fastest of the British boats in a strong breeze. She crossed the line eight minutes ahead of the *Valkyrie* and behaved handsomely throughout the race. It is to be hoped that another such half a gale will prevail again when the *Navahoe* is a bit more seasoned. There are good reasons for believing she could beat the *Valkyrie* and *Britannia* in heavy weather, and we should like to see what she could do against *Satanita;* more than that, we should like one of our big powered boats, *Vigilant* or *Colonia*, to have a try at the *Satanita* in a good hard blow. England has never had three such boats as the *Valkyrie*, *Britannia*, and *Satanita*, and if it is possible, the last two should come over here with *Valkyrie* to try our fleet of 85-footers.

It is for all these reasons that we pin our faith on *Navahoe* bringing three cups when she turns homeward. At all events, win or lose, America could not be represented by a more thorough sportsman than Royal Phelps Carroll, the *Navahoe's* owner.

AND NOW, DESPITE THE LETTER the chairman of the *America's* cup committee sent Mr. H. Maitland Kersey, Lord Dunraven's representative over here, stating that the date for the first of the cup races had been fixed for October 5th, there is, after all, a bare chance of an earlier date being decided upon.

This committee really seems to have been singularly indifferent to the wishes of the challenger. There can be no two opinions on the fact that our defenders should have all requisite time in order to be at their best when the chosen one meets the *Valkyrie;* but after that is provided for, it would be good sportsmanship to consider the other side a little. There could have been a meeting of the cup-defender owners two weeks ago just as well as waiting until the N. Y. Y. Club cruise, and it would certainly be more considerate to Dunraven, who cannot be expected to hold his arrangements to be made and unmade at the pleasure of the *America's* Cup committee. Having sent word that October 5th had been definitely settled upon, Dunraven has laid out his plans accordingly; and this afterthought of getting the cup-defenders owners' opinion on an earlier date comes with poor grace, especially as it could


TAYLOR. TOBIN.
California doubles champions.

have been done just as well long enough ago to be of some value. It's a good idea to consider the other fellow a little in all these arrangements. No one ever loses anything by being considerate, which, after all, is only another form of good sportsmanship.

If the late report is true that the *Britannia* and not the *Valkyrie* has finally been chosen to defend the Cape May, Brenton Reef, and Victoria Cups against the *Navahoe*, Lord Dunraven has shown much good sense and sportsmanship in withdrawing in favor of the Prince of Wales's boat. As before said, the *Navahoe* will either beat them all or none, and the defense is just as safe with *Britannia* as with *Valkyrie*, and does not take the edge off the *America's* Cup race, as would *Valkyrie's* contesting.

THERE IS NOTHING TO ADD to the comment of last and previous weeks on the cup-defenders—they have all been hauled out and given careful dressing (the *Colonia* going out also for her second trip to the dry-dock) except the sensational story in one of the daily newspapers about the *Jubilee* being a failure, simply because General Paine had at that time neglected to send in his entry for the coming races. Curious enough it was that the story should be printed in columns that only a few days before had been exploiting the marvellous performances of General Paine's boat. It is rather late to discover the *Jubilee* a failure. The seventeen and eighteen knot speed of the boat has never been recorded in these columns, but we have seen her get through the water at about as lively a pace, as near as could be judged from following in a tug, as any of the others. When she sails in the Goelet Cup races she will answer beyond question the sensational newspaper query. To compare her with *Alborak*, the Paine 46-footer of last year, is absurd. *Jubilee* may not defeat *Pilgrim*, to be sure; *Pilgrim* may not beat *Colonia* or *Vigilant*, but that fact does not make *Jubilee* or *Pilgrim* a failure, no more than it would make the New York boats failures if they are defeated. We shall certainly see some close racing when these four yachts come together, and, so far as can be judged from their single performances, with little between any of them.

Colonia has been doing a good bit of hard work recently, and bettered her form considerably.

On the dry-dock one has an excellent opportunity to compare the lines of the cup-defenders. *Pilgrim*, of them all, seems to have the easiest body to drive through the water, and her bow is certainly the sharpest, but it remains to be seen if the Bristol boats, *Vigilant* and *Colonia*, with their finely drawn out lines and greater sail-spread, will counterbalance lesser displacement. *Jubilee's* lines are fuller than *Pilgrim's*, and she is a handsome boat from end to end.

THE SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN CLUB has been doing a great deal for the small boats in the last two years, and their races for the Rouse and Wetmore Cups have become among the most popular in this neighborhood; certainly they are of the greatest possible interest. Were it not for what there is at stake in the 85-footer contests this year, no events could be so thoroughly enjoyable to watch as these races for boats under 42 feet l.w.l. Added to the fact that the classes always fill better, and the little yachts move about in the liveliest fashion, is the further interest that must come from boats which are handled almost exclusively by Corinthian crews. In the last two seasons no events have been given that have actually furnished so much genuine sport as the contests of these small boats. The Seawanhaka Club will hold, between August 5th and September 2d, five regattas for these little fellows, and those who want good sport should enter, or, the next best thing, go and see them. The dates are: August 12th, fourth Rouse and Wetmore Cup, for yachts 32 feet l.w.l. and under, time allowance. August 19th, two cups; Class I., yachts 42 feet and not under 28 feet l.w.l.; Class II., under 28 feet l.w.l., handicap. August 26th, Bullock Cup, handicap, yachts 32 feet l.w.l. and under. September 2d, third Rouse and Wetmore Cup, postponed, time allowance, yachts 32 feet l.w.l. and under.

ON THE LAKES NORTH AND WEST this small-boat racing has grown to be of great interest, and the recent performances of the fleet 21-footer *Onawa* on Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, have shown that all the skilful designers are not housed on the Atlantic coast. Last year the 21-foot class about Boston was the fastest and largest ever seen; all the most modern ideas of the improved racing machine were included in these tiny representatives, and it was a veritable class of freaks. These little boats did much for the designers, since the lessons learned in them have been fruitful in the building of the present class of 85-footers. *Alpha* was one of if not the fastest of the 21-footers. This year she was sold to a Western yachtsman.

Onawa was designed by Dyer of Deephaven, Minnetonka, and built by Burton of Minneapolis. She is 26 ft. 9 in. over all, and 20 ft. 8 in. l. w. l., with a 6 ft. 4 in. beam. She carries no ballast, is of very light construction, the idea being to have the lightest possible body to drive over the water rather than through it, and she carries 400 feet of silk sail. Her first appearance was June 17th, in a ten-mile triangular course, in which she beat all comers and *Alpha* fourteen minutes. July 15th she again defeated all comers, the nearest, the Herreshoff *Kite*, by seventeen minutes. The time was one hour and thirty-seven minutes. *Onawa* is from the Indian word "onaway," meaning awake, and the boat seems to have been significantly named.

IN SPEAKING OF THE *Volunteer* last week, the famous old boat was, in the hurry of writing, with possibly a passing cloud of retrospective passing by-the-bye, credited to General C. J. Paine, whereas she belongs now, as the writer knew, and as every one else knows, to that other well-known Boston sportsman J. Malcolm Forbes. It is to be hoped she will join the New York cruise somewhere along the route.

THE MOST IMPORTANT TOURNAMENT of the lawn-tennis week, ending last Saturday, was by all odds that at Southampton for the Long Island championship, and it furnished two surprises of first magnitude in the defeat of Clarence Hobart by W. A. Larned, 6–3, 4–6, 9–7, and of V. G. Hall by John Howland (6–1, 6–4). This tournament is about the only one in which the Howlands (there is a brother) are seen, Southampton being the site of their country house, but they always show good tennis, exceptionally good, considering the small amount of tournament play they get. V. G. Hall at no time this year has been in condition approaching his old-time form, but he would have had to be very near it to win from Howland, whose side-line placing was very good, and defensive play careful and well judged. V. G. Hall held this championship in '90 and '91. In the first round Larned again beat M. Wright—7–5, 6–3—and showed some of the brilliancy which later was to help him defeat Hobart; but D. W. Candler took advantage of one of his careless turns, and took one set from him—6–3, 3–6, 6–0—in their match in the second round. Hobart played in good form the first two days, defeating Richard Stevens in the semifinals more easily—6–2, 7–5—than it was expected he would. When he met Larned in the finals, he started off at an easy gait, evidently not fearing defeat; but Larned went into the match with a rush, and before Hobart could recover, Larned had carried off the first set—6–3. Hobart worked hard the next and the remaining sets, but Larned fairly and cleverly outplayed him. Hobart showed the same tendency he displayed at Chicago last week, at times, to drive balls into the top band of the net. At the very beginning of the season he did the same thing, but the failing disappeared, until at Chicago, and here at Southampton, it was as much *en évidence* as at the very beginning.

LARNED PLAYED A BRILLIANT and very clever game, running to the net at every opportunity, and making some beautiful cross-court drives. His game showed the same confidence he displayed last year at Newport, when he defeated E. L. Hall in an exciting and close match. He has a reckless way of playing that looks like a hit-or-miss game, but such is not the case. He has improved greatly since the first of the season, and his form against Hobart was as good as any he has ever shown. It was to be expected he would defeat E. L. Hall, holder, for the championship, after his showing against Hobart, and excepting the first set, he had a much easier time of it. Hall has not been in form this season, and his recent rest, while it will prove beneficial later, had somewhat unfitted him to keep up the pace Larned set. Hall put all his effort into the first set, which he won on brilliant work—6–2—beating Larned at his own game of running to the net. He spent his force, however, and Larned took three straight sets and the match—2–6, 6–3, 6–4, 6–0—with little difficulty, Hall tiring perceptibly.

WHILE LARNED'S GAME AGAINST HOBART shows that he is coming into his best form, and certain to make a bid for the Newport honors, it does not by any means point to his defeating Hobart at Newport should they meet. Every player at one time or another during the season succumbs to one whom he at top form could beat. Hobart early in the season was defeated by both Chace and Wrenn, neither of whom is nearly so formidable as Larned. If Larned plays with as much confidence and dash as he did at Southampton, he should, however, defeat Knapp if they meet, and if he meets Hovey in the semifinals, he will put up a great contest, but he should hardly win, as they both play very much the same kind of game, and Hovey this year is steadier than formerly, and certainly more brilliant than Larned. It looks as though Hovey would meet Hobart for the All-comers. It is interesting to note the defeats sustained by the leaders up to the end of last week.

Hobart defeated four times—by Chace at Baltimore and again at West Newton; by Wrenn at West Newton, and Larned at Southampton. Hovey defeated four times—twice by Hobart at West Newton, and again by Hobart at Tuxedo and Saratoga. Larned defeated seven times—twice by Hovey, twice by Hobart, and once by Chace and Wrenn at West Newton, and by Hobart at Tuxedo.

Knapp in his one appearance was defeated by Hobart. Chace has been beaten by Stevens, Wrenn, and E. L. Hall. Stevens has been defeated by Larned and Hovey. E. L. Hall has been defeated by Hobart, and twice by Larned.

R. D. WRENN AND MALCOLM CHACE have had another match at the Sorrento, Maine, tourney, and again Wrenn has come off the victor. The Harvard man seems able nowadays to beat the Brown representative whenever they meet, and this time won in three straight sets—6–4, 6–2, 6–3. Wrenn has been improving in his play the last two weeks, and may be in as good form at Newport as he was last year when he defeated Knapp. He plays a brilliant net game when he does his best, and has a great advantage over Chace in being steadier. The hardest battle Wrenn has had this season was against C. R. Budlong at Sorrento last week. Budlong has been showing steady improvement in his play, and he put up the strongest game he has ever shown against Wrenn. He is not a graceful player, but some of his strokes are strong and hard to return, especially one of his backhanders, which resembles a Lawford. He placed well along the lines, passed Wrenn at the net frequently, and in the second set actually played all around him. Wrenn had to make his mightiest effort to pull out the match at all, but finally won through very brilliant play—6–1, 5–7, 11–9—though Budlong stayed with him up to the very last.

IN THE WORLD'S FAIR TOURNAMENT Hovey has had a comparatively easy week's play, there being no one to make him work until he met C. B. Neel in the finals. Neel is one of the brothers who put up such a good doubles game last week, and he is a player who should be heard from. It is to be hoped he will enter at Newport. S. R. McCormick, the Chicago player, Hovey defeated in three straight sets—6–1, 6–2, 6–3—but the former won a match from Wrenn—5–7, 6–2, 6–3, 8–10, 6–3—that showed some very good tennis. W. H. Taylor, Jun., the ex-champion of California, met Hovey in the third round, and, though playing a good game, the lesson of last week—of the greater pace and skill of the Eastern game—was administered over again, and Hovey won easily—6–1, 6–4, 6–0. The surprises of the week were the defeats of J. A. Ryerson, of Chicago—2–6, 6–2, 3–6, 8–6, 6–2—and veteran S. T. Chase, the Western champion—2–6, 7–5, 6–2, 7–5—by C. B. Neel, whose brilliant net-work and clever placing completely carried his opponents off their feet. In his game against Hovey in the final Neel surprised every one by his lobbing and net play, and Hovey had to play harder than any one outside of Hobart has made him this year before he won the match—6–1, 4–6, 4–6, 6–2, 7–5.

The tournament this week that is attracting attention, and very likely bringing the leaders together, is the Essex County Club, Massachusetts, which this year takes the place of Nahant. The results should come nearer giving the true form of the players than any other tournament outside of Newport. Hobart, Hovey, Larned, Stevens, E. L. Hall, Wrenn, and Chace, will probably accept invitations to compete. Hovey will return from Chicago in better condition and with added confidence, and if again defeated by Hobart, his chance for the championship is practically lost. It would be a surprise if Larned repeated his Southampton victory.

J. PIM, THE IRISH PLAYER, has finally won the championship of All England. In the recent tournament at Wimbledon he won the All-comers by beating Mahony—9–7, 6–3, 6–0—and defeated W. Baddeley, holder, in the championship round—3–6, 6–1, 6–3, 6–2. Pim is a veteran, and has been playing good tennis for several years; but he first reached the final of the All-comers in '91, when Baddeley beat him three sets to one. Last year Pim won the All-comers from E. W. Lewis, and meeting Baddeley for the championship, was again defeated three sets to one. This year he began brilliantly, and has defeated every one he met.

The present English season has been remarkable for the downfall of the Renshaws; both of them have been defeated, and every one must regret that these two brothers, to whom the game of to-day owes so much, can no longer stand at the very head of the experts. W. Renshaw was beaten by Mahoney in the London championship, and Ernest, by the same player, in the All-England Championship. W. Renshaw is still a beautiful player, but from the back of the court his returns are more uncertain than they used to be, and his game lacks the dash and confidence of yore; in his match against Mahoney he made no less than 17 double faults.

IN THE ALL-ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIP the brothers were drawn together, and as they have never been known to oppose each other, W. promptly retired, leaving Ernest to recover the lost laurels of the family; but in the very next round, after playing brilliantly in the first set, allowing his opponent, Mahoney, only a single game, he was beaten three sets to two.

Pim, in his match with Goodbody, in the third round gave evidence of his superb form. He played Goodbody almost entirely with his backhand, which is very powerful, and he placed down the line with wonderful accuracy.

The championship round was the most scientific tennis battle ever fought, quite notable, too, for continued fast pace, the four sets being finished in a few minutes over an hour. Once only was a double fault served, and but one service was unreturned. Pim is now universally acknowledged to be the most skilful player ever seen in England or Ireland, and he has apparently never yet been extended; W. Baddeley, the former champion, though very clever and a marvel of activity, could but get one set. He was all over the court, returning balls almost impossible, only to be eventually killed by Pim in his calm masterful manner. Pim's play is remarkable; there seems no end to his strategy, and his ease and coolness back up his wonderful strokes very effectively. He seems perfectly indifferent as to whether the balls go over the net or not, and never appears to exert himself in the least, playing each stroke with a turn of the wrist, and hardly following it up with the racket. He never takes an unnecessary step. This championship round proved that to win at tennis nowadays a man must be able to play a strong back-line game as well as at the net. Pim is a player with many tennis honors. Besides winning the All-England Championship from W. Baddeley, holder—3–6, 6–1, 6–3, 6–2—he is the Irish champion, and with F. O. Stoker holds both the Irish and All-England doubles championship. In the latter they beat the Baddeley brothers in the All-comers—6–2, 4–6, 6–3, 5–7, 6–2—and Lewis and Barlow, holders, for the championship—4–6, 6–3, 6–1, 2–6, 6–0. When our champion, O. S. Campbell, was abroad last year, Pim beat him—4–6, 6–4, 12–10; and W. Baddeley, then champion, defeated him—6–2, 6–0.

MISS LOTTIE DOD, WHO SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDED her title against Mrs. Hillyard in the All-England women's singles championship—6–8, 6–1, 6–4—has been defeated in any tournament but twice in six years—by Mrs. Hillyard in '91, and by Miss Martin in '92. She plays more like a man than any other of her sex; hits clean and low, volleys with back and fore hand equally well, and places skilfully; her one weakness is a mild underhand service, and the only chance of scoring against her would be to keep her on the defensive at the back of the court, playing as quick a game as possible so as to allow no time for that long sweep of the racket which never fails to precede a clean, low, hard stroke. The match was not so close as had been the Northern Championship, in which the same two met recently with a like result, but Miss Dod had to play up to her very best, as Mrs. Hillyard showed a very strong game, and an improvement over last season. Miss Dod will always have the advantage of her in the backhand, but the other's service is the better of the two.

MRS. HILLYARD HAS MADE quite a record on English courts since the institution of the women's championship in '84. In that year she reached the semi-final round only. In '85 she won the All-comers, but lost to Miss Watson in the championship; '86, she beat Miss Watson, but lost the title in '87 when she met Miss Dod; '88, she won All-comers but lost to Miss Dod; '89, she again won All-comers, and became champion by default; '90, she retired; '91, won her way to All-comers, to be defeated by Miss Dod. Last year Miss Dod again beat her in the final, and this year she again worked her way to the championship round. She fails most when kept in the back of the court, not putting enough "drive" into her return; but she is a unique player, and takes the ball on the rise instead of on the fall, which gives her an immense advantage in time. She always plays in gloves, and they do not seem to interfere with her game in the least. Her best stroke is a round-arm swing as the ball is rising, which goes fast across the court and does not bound much; she has a capital eye for a place, and aims very near the lines, not being deterred by having to play an uphill game, but always goes for her stroke; her backhand is weak and "lobby," but well placed and very sure. She never gives up, and is "game" to the very last stroke.

Following the championships were the England *vs.* Ireland matches, the latter proving invincible in singles, but falling off in doubles, losing by 6 matches to 9.

THE POLO WEEK AT BOSTON, or really at Wenham, a suburb, furnished some good sport, as expected. Though the entries were confined to Harvard, Independence of Morristown, and Myopia, the Harvard and Myopia both played good games, but neither was a match for Independence.

The Newport entries are small—Rockaway, Harvard, Independence of Westchester (this is the Morristown Independence, with E. C. Potter in place of Eustis), and a Westchester team captained by W. K. Thorn. Meadow Brook and Country Club of Westchester, strangely enough, will not enter.

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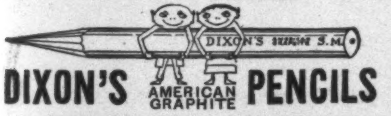

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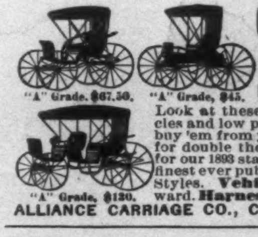
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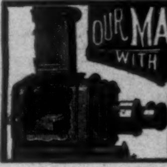

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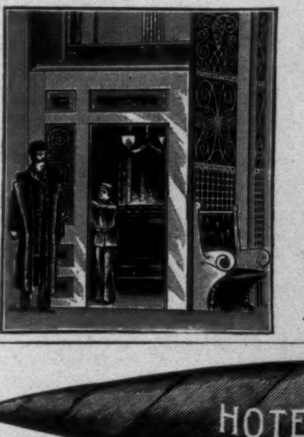

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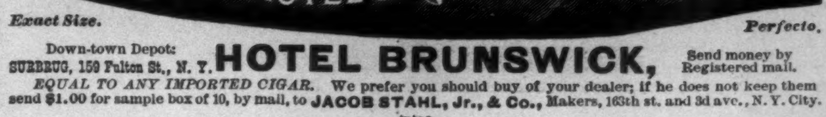

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